Beaver Gen'l James A. Mch 13

THE REPUBLICAN.

Established 1869. BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1912. Vol. 43, No. 42

COLLEGE FRIENDS MEET HERE AFTER 60 YEARS

Charles E. Burrows, of Michigan, Visits F. Potts Green.

ONE IS 76; THE OTHER 78

As Young Men They Were Room-Mates at Lewisburg—Drifted Apart After Leaving College and Came Together Here on Tuesday.

F. Potts Green—known as Frank to the other fellows—and Charles E. Burrows were room-mates at college at Lewisburg. That was sixty years ago. Both were husky young men and as college boys do, they engaged in many a friendly tussle. When they parted on leaving college they supposed it wouldn't be long until they would meet again. They had their first meeting in Bellefonte on Tuesday—just a little lapse of sixty years. It was a happy meeting, as one might well imagine. Mr. Burrows, now 76 years old, and Mr. Green, well onto 79, spent the entire day in each other's company, recalling the good old times and each mentally calculating when and where the next meeting might be.

Mr. Burrows now resides in far distant Michigan. He is related to a few persons in this section and knows of quite a few others among our residents. He is a cousin of Mrs. F. W. Crider. Others among his relatives live in Williamsport and Montgomery. He has a brother, Frank, who has been critically ill in a hospital in Philadelphia. It was because of the brother's illness that the former, despite his advanced age, boarded a train in Michigan and hurried to Philadelphia. He remained long enough to be assured that his brother was on the road to recovery and then he started for home. While on the train he unconsciously started to recall boyhood friends and events. It was the most natural thing in the world that he should think of his room-mate at college, Frank Green. He decided then and there to stop over in Bellefonte for a few hours and look him up. He did so and the novel and happy visit lasted from the arrival of one of the morning trains until the late afternoon train for Tyrone. Mr. Burrows enjoyed himself immensely, but not more so than Mr. Green. Both being temperance advocates soda water was the strongest thing they indulged in as they talked over the past.

Upon leaving college both young men engaged in pharmacy, "twisting pills," as Mr. Burrows described it. Mr. Green has continued in that line down to the present day. Mr. Burrows, however, some time later engaged in other pursuits. Today he is well provided for and lives in ease and comfort in his Michigan home. For many years he resided in Chicago, where he devoted considerable time to aiding in closing up an estate of some four millions of dollars. To safeguard his health he gave up city life and with his wife moved into the more open country of Michigan. That the change in climate proved beneficial is evidenced by Mr. Burrows' appearance of health today. That he is in full possession of a wonderful memory was illustrated while he and Mr. Green were chatting in "The Republican" office.

"I recall," remarked Mr. Burrows, with a twinkle in his eye, "that one day I was out with some of the other fellows at college and when we got back I for some reason or other gave Frank Green a pretty rough slap. He didn't say much about it. He just picked me up and turned me over his knee and spanked me."

Mr. Green listened with keen satisfaction but modestly disclaimed being able to recall anything about it. We are not so sure he could repeat the trick at this late day, for Mr. Burrows is considerably taller and heavier.

As Mr. Burrows was making ready to conclude his visit and depart for his train, he remarked with apparent satisfaction:

"This has been such a happy day to me. I am so glad I was able to be here."

Opinions and Decrees.

Judge Orvis this week handed down the following opinions and decrees:

Gregg township vs. Catherine and Isaac Walker. Refused to dismiss plaintiff's bill.

Penn Chemical Co. vs. Mary C. Ammerman. Judgment entered on verdict.

Lillie Dale vs. George Dale estate. Judgment notwithstanding verdict rendered for $1800.

Lillie C. Etters et al vs. G. F. Musser et al. In favor of defendant, demurre sustained.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year.

DR. BUCKHOUT DEAD

Was Oldest Professer in Point of Service at State College.

A shadow of gloom pervaded State College on Tuesday morning when it became known that Dr. W. A. Buckhout, head of the department of horticulture, had passed away suddenly. His death occurred 2.30 o'clock in the morning and was due to heart failure. About one year ago he was stricken while attending to his duties, and while it was generally known that he was not so rugged and strong as before the first attack, he seemed to be in good spirits and was about as usual in attendance upon his duties at the college. His death came suddenly and was a shock to a host of admiring friends.

Dr. Buckhout was in point of years of service the oldest instructor at State College. He was a native of New York State but when a young man entered State College and graduated from that institution. He went away for a few months after which time he returned and accepted a position as an instructor. This was along about 1869, a time when State College was a much smaller institution and the student body was a mere handful as compared with that of today. However, Dr. Buckhout remained with the college, saw it grow and become one of the finest in the land and it was his hope to remain with it to the end. His hope was fulfilled, although unfortunately much sooner than any one desired or anticipated. At the time of his death Dr. Buckhout was about 65 years old. Surviving to mourn his passing away are his widow and two sons and two daughters: Albert Buckhout, of Holyoke, Mass.; William, of New York; Mrs. Charles L. Kinsloe, of State College, and Miss Karalyn, who is a student at Smith's college, in Massachusetts.

CAMPAIGN EXPENSES

Few Statements Filed Thus Far; Today Marks Expiration of Time.

Few statements of expenses and disbursements in the recent campaign have thus far been filed with Prothonotary D. R. Foreman. The time limit for the filing of such statements expires today.

Charles F. Cook, treasurer of the Washington party committee in Bellefonte, filed a statement giving receipts amounting to $270. These included a contribution of $200 from Congressman Patton and one for $50 for Representative-elect Gramley. The expenditures were about $220, leaving a balance on hand of upward of $50.

John P. Harris, a presidential elector, filed a statement setting forth that his expenses were less than $50.

James A. Gleason, defeated Democratic candidate for Congress, set forth in his statement that his receipts were $175 and his expenditures $976.97.

Fruit Growers Win Prizes.

Announcement has been made of the decision of judges in the recent fruit show at State College, conducted by the Crab Apple Club. The prizes awarded consisted of neatly lettered ribbons. Upward of 50 fruit growers from various parts of Pennsylvania had exhibits, the display comprising about 300 plate and three box exhibits and representing 70 varieties. The largest number of plate exhibits was by W. J. Lewis, of Luzerne County, who secured the largest number of first prizes, or twenty all told. L. P. Satterthwaite, of Bucks County, won eight first prizes with plate exhibits, while G. G. Close, of Tioga County won five first prizes. The Somerset County exhibit was especially good, as were also the exhibits of Tyson Bros., of Adams County, and Stark Bros., of Louisiana, Mo. Other first prize winners included the following:

Dr. R. P. Heilman, Cameron county; R. H. Kell, Perry county; C. C. Hess, Centre county; G. B. M. Getz, Clinton county; J. A. Boak, Lawrence county; L. W. Pyle, Chester county; J. A. Werner, Carbon county; J. J. Carrol, Bucks county; Alonzo Bailey, Luzerne county; W. J. Rote and J. M. Deise, Clinton county; D. H. Watts, Clearfield county and W. J. Clymer, Clinton county.

Other prize winners and exhibitors were as follows: Dr. G. S. Frank, Centre county; W. S. Dunlap, Cumberland county; Anthony Hile, Clearfield county; W. L. Thomas, Cameron county; E. J. Baird and S. J. Probst, Clinton county; Fred Ellsworth, Luzerne county; J. C. Corl, Centre county; Thomas Christee, Irvin Hunt, Ernest Horan, J. F. Probst and G. G. Getz, Clinton county and Frank Krumrine, Centre county.

Married at 93.

Sylvester Myers, of Mifflintown, aged 93 years, recently was married to his housekeeper, Mrs. Anna R. Mackey, 52 years old.

FEW CASES CALLED AT FIRST WEEK OF COURT

No Big Suits on Schedule for Trial at December Session.

DUNHAM GETS VERDICT

Jury Awards Him Amount of His Claim for Publishing Book Written by George T. Bush Describing Travel Around the World.

December Court of Quarter Sessions convened on Monday morning at ten o'clock, and the major portion of the forenoon session was taken up in the hearing of motions and petitions. The Grand Jury was called and charged and F. A. Foreman, farmer, of Gregg Township, elected as foreman thereof. After which the Constables of the several districts made their quadrennial report to the court and the Civil trial list was gone over and the following cases disposed of:

The Dyer Manufacturing Company vs. H. C. Sinclair, being an appeal. Settled.

Centre County vs. Harris Township, being an assumpsit. Continued as not being at issue.

Comm. vs. W. A. Hartsock, indicted for betrayal, prosecutrix Nellie Roush. Defendant plead guilty and the usual senteuce was imposed.

George W. Hoyt is acting as official stenographer this week in the absence of the regular stenographer.

F. S. Dunham vs. George T. Bush, being an appeal, went to trial on Monday afternoon, and the claim grows out of an alleged contract between the plaintiff and the defendant for the publication of defendant's book of a Trip Around the World by the plaintiff, at the rate of 25¢ per volume, claiming a balance from the defendant of $132.80. Verdict in favor of the plaintiff on Tuesday morning for the amount of the claim with interest.

On Tuesday morning the District Attorney having no bills from the Grand Jury the Court was delayed and the first case called was Comm. vs. John Taylor, prosecutor George W. Zelby, indicted for malicious mischief. The case is from Potter Township, and the defendant moved to quash the indictment as in the information made it did not set out that the alleged crime was committed in Centre County. Defendant's motion was sustained and the indictment quashed. Whereupon the District Attorney asked leave of Court to send up a District Attorney's bill, and a true bill was returned by the Grand Jury.

Comm. vs. Jesse H. Clark and Delbert B. Wicks, prosecutor Dennis McDonald, indicted first count, larceny, second count, receiving stolen goods, etc., third count, stealing from the person, and fourth count, robbery. This case is from Orviston and from the testimony it appears that the prosecutor was living in a shanty while the two defendants boarded at a boarding house. The defendants elected to be tried separately and Jesse H. Clark went to trial. It appears that on November 10th, being Sunday, Mr. Wicks appeared at the prosecutor's shanty and gave him some drinks. That the prosecutor and Mr. Wicks then went to the last named person's room in the boarding house where they had some more to drink. That the prosecutor became in such condition that sometime between five and six o'clock in the afternoon he found himself lying on a bed and his body turned over by some one. Feeling the hand of a person going into his pocket where he had his money and that he saw that Mr. Wick and Mr. Clark was standing by, and while he was conscious he was helpless and subsequently found that $46 of money in bills was missing. Mr. Clark denied having been in the room at the time alleged by the prosecutor, and that he was too drunk to know and does not know what took place on that Sunday. That he and Mr. Wicks started to go to Snow Shoe on Monday morning, taking the freight passing Orviston, and when the passenger train caught up at Panther Run, that they went to get off the freight train and on to the passenger when the prosecutor and an officer stepped up and put them under arrest. The trial lasted all of Tuesday afternoon.

Comm. vs. Jesse H. Clark, jury returned a verdict Wednesday morning of not guilty. After which a jury was selected and sworn to try Delbert D. Wicks, and the testimony in this case was similar to the testimony against Clark. Both defendants being charged with the same act. Verdict on Wednesday afternoon of not guilty.

The Register offered his accounts on Wednesday afternoon for confirmation nisi.

(continued on page 5)

"REMOVE SPLASH BOARDS AND KEEP THEM DOWN"

Council Orders Borough Engineer to Take Drastic Action.

CALL COPS IF NEEDED

Controversy Between Borough and Gamble Gheen & Co. Warming Up—Law Suit Over Question of Rights Believed to be Not Far Off.

"Remove the splash boards and keep them removed. If necessary, call the police."

This was the instruction given by the borough Council on Monday night to J. Henry Wetzel, borough engineer, in the splash board controversy with Gamble, Gheen & Co. As told several weeks ago in these columns, Council removed the spash boards across the breast of the dam in Spring creek, opposite Noll's laundry. A day or two later Gamble, Gheen & Co. had the boards replaced. They have been in place ever since and at Monday night's meeting of Council the next step in the controversy was considered. The result was the adoption of a motion directing Mr. Wetzel to tear down the splash boards and see to it that they are not put up again. The calling in of the police if necessary to prevent the splash boards being replaced was included in the order by Council on the ground that it would be child's play to continue the controversy along the lines of the last few weeks.

Both sides to the dispute fully expect that it will wind up in a suit in court. Meanwhile each is holding off, preferring that the other take the inititative in starting legal proceedings. The side that brings the suit will have to assume the burden of doing the greater part of the proving. That it will be easier to defend than to prove the rights of each other is the theory of both.

It kept Council busy scraping together a quorum for Monday night's meeting, the first held since the beginning of November. Lack of a quorum prevented a meeting two weeks previously. One vote was still needed to transact business when Councilman Cherry finally hove into view. Councilman Sheffer had been sent for and showed up a few minutes after Mr. Cherry arrived. When he found that his presence was not needed to make a quorum Mr. Sheffer departed.

One or two property owners in East Bishop and East Logan Streets were notified to repair sidewalks within ten days. Borough Engineer Wetzel was authorized to purchase two additional street hydrants for fire purposes. The Bell Telephone Company was empowered to change the location of poles in Wilson Street, said to interfere with the new Deitrick property. Council ordered notes drawn for $1000, for one year; one for $800 for six months, and one for $4000 for four months to take up notes maturing and pay current bills. The $4000 note is to pay a note for $1500 held by the County Commissioners and representing the borough's share of the cost of State road paving, also to meet a note for $2000 held by the Bellefonte Trust Co. The $500 additional was to pay current bills.

For a Christmas Gift.

These are the days when mothers and fathers are trying to decide what would be the very nicest kind of a Christmas gift to send to a son or daughter who happens to be away from home. We would suggest that a Christmas gift, costing but $1, would be to send such a son or daughter "The Republican." The subscription would cost but a small amount and the gift would be a welcome one for an entire year. It is a timely suggestion. Think it over. Then send us $1 and the name of the person to whom you wish "The Republican" sent for the year 1913.

Entertainment at Boalsburg.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian church of Boalsburg will give an evening's entertainment in Boal Hall, Saturday, December 14, at 7.30 o'clock. The program will consist of living pictures, readings and music. Come and see our "Bridget," "Mr. Peter Popinjay" and all the notable people of the day. Admission 10 and 15c.

Show Cancels.

"The Girl from Broadway," billed for next Monday night at Garman's Opera House, has canceled the engagement No reason has been assigned.

Read "The Republican." $1 a year in advance.

COMMISSIONS EXTENDED

Hold-Over County Officers Automatically Continue to Serve

No new commissions need be issued by the Secretary of the Commonwealth to county officers whose terms of office expire in January, but whose successors cannot be elected until next November under the provisions of the constitutional amendments, according to an opinion given to Secretary McAfee by Attorney General Bell. The opinion is of far-reaching importance, as it affects scores of county officers about whose tenure some question had been raised. Mr. Bell rules that the terms of men elected in 1909 were extended automatically and says in part:

"This department is in receipt of your communication of November 27, asking to be advised, in substance, whether the county officers elected at the November election, 1909, for terms of office which began on the first Monday of January, 1910, are entitled to hold their respective offices until the first Monday of January, 1914, or whether their terms will expire on the first Monday of January, 1913.

"You are advised that, taking into consideration the main purpose and object of all the amendments to the Constitution adopted in November, 1909, this department is of opinion that all county officers elected at the November election of 1909 for terms of office beginning on the first Monday of January, 1910, are entitled to hold their respective offices until the first Monday of January, 1914, and that their successors should be elected at the muncicipal election to be held in November, 1913.

"Replying to your further inquiry with reference to whether new commission should be issued or new bonds required, you are advised that no new commissions are required, because, under the Constitution, all county officers are expressly commissioned for a definite term of years and until their successors shall be duly qualified.

In the matter of bonds you are advised that where the bond already given by a county officer is conditioned that said officer shall faithfully execute and perform his duties 'during his continuance in the said office, or contains provisions to the same effect, no new bond is necessary. I learn that in many of the bonds the condition is so expressed. Where, however, the bond given by the officer is limited to a term of three years a new bond should be required from such county officer for the year beginning the first Monday of January, 1913, and ending the first Monday of January, 1914."

BOY KILLS COMPANION

Sad Gunning Accident in Woods Near Tyrone on Saturday.

A sad gunning accident occurred in a camp nearby Tyrone on Saturday, William R. Waite, a 15 years old boy being shot and almost instantly killed by Samuel Fox, a companion. The latter has been hysterical since the unfortunate affair and is constantly under the care of a physician.

The boys arrived in Tyrone from Altoona and proceeded to a cabin near Eyer. They were about ready to break camp and return home when the accident happened. Fox was sitting on a cot with a gun in his hands. He thought the cartridge had been removed but while the gun was being handled it suddenly went off. The shot entered young Waite's spinal column and he dropped to the cabin floor. Young Fox ran several miles through the woods to secure assistance. When he returned to the cabin with help Waite was already dying. Fox dropped to his knees and prayed that his friend might live, but the latter died a few minutes afterward.

A Correction.

"The Republican" last week received in the mailia letter, properly signed, and containing what purported to be an announcement of the wedding of Miss Tressa Daughenbaugh and Mr. Curtin Stiver, both of Moshannon. Naturally assuming that such a wedding had taken place we published the statement, both as a matter of news and also as a compliment to the parties named. We were greatly surprise on receiving this week a letter from Miss Daughenbaugh stating that there had been no such wedding. We hasten to not only make the proper correction but give it the most conspicuous position possible in this issue of the paper. We extend our apologies to both Miss Daughenbaugh and Mr. Stiver, assuring them that the original article was published in good faith and with no thought other then that it was founded upon facts. It is needless to add that had we suspected for a moment that the article was without foundation it would never have been published in our columns.

PROPOSE BUILDING GLASS FACTORY HERE

Pittsburg Promoters Submit Proposition to Board of Trade.

TO ORGANIZE COMPANY

Visitors Say They Have $30,000 Pledged in Bellefonte—Ask Free Taxes and Water for Five Years, and Improved Railroad Facilities.

A proposition looking to the organizing of a company in Bellefonte to build and operate a glass factory was yesterday submitted to the Executive Committee of the Board of Trade by J. H. Fisher and B. G. Ott, of Pittsburg. The two gentlemen represent the Mercantile Realty Co., of that city, builders and promoters.

Following the meeting between Messrs. Fisher and Ott and the local committee it was stated that a charter would be applied for and that the name of the proposed company would be the "Centre County Window Glass Company." It was also stated that the company would be composed of Bellefonte people. The plan in view is to form such a company, and build a glass works on a piece of ground owned by the Thomas estate, nearby the home of L. H. Gettig.

At yesterday's meeting the gentlemen from Pittsburgh said that the sum of $30 000 had been pledged in Bellefonte for the project. They asked from the Board of Trade free taxes and water for a period of five years, improvement in railroad facilities at the proposed site for the plant; that the Board of Trade interest themselves in securing an option on the land desired, and also that they aid in securing rates on slag at the nearby furnaces, the slag being desired for concreting.

Col W. F. Reynolds, president of the Board of Trade, appointed the following committee to co-operate with the visitors in looking up matters along the line referred to: J. Linn Harris, Ad. Hamble and Frank E. Naginey.

It is understood that a number of Bellefonte glass blowers have been asked by the visitors to contribute $20 each toward a fund to defray the cost of securing a charter, etc. In return each is to receive two shares of stock in the proposed company.

Fruit Growers to Meet.

The second annual convention of the Fruit Growers' Association of Centre County will be held at Millheim on Friday and Saturday, December 13 and 14. The first session will be held on Friday morning at 9.30 o'clock; with reading of minutes, nomination and election of officers for the year 1913.

Send your apples to A. Bartges, Millheim, Pa., or bring them with you. Let there be a large display of apples this year.

Good speakers will be present and participate in the following program: Friday—A. M., "Fertilization of the Apple Orchard," by Dr. J. P. Stewart, Friday afternoon, "The Making and Use of Lime Sulfur," by Dr. Stewart, and "Educating a Young Orchard," by Dr. Murray. Friday evening, "The Influence of Cultural Methods Alone and with Fertilization upon Yield and Quality in Apples," by Dr. Stewart. Saturday morning, "The Spraying of Orchards," by Dr. Stewart. "Tillage vs. Soil Mulch," by Dr. Murray.

CYRUS BRUNGART,
President.

A Genuine Comedian.

Tommy Donnelly, "that phunny pheller" with John W. Vogel's Big City Minstrels, which comes to the Garman's Opera House, Thursday, December 12, is a wonder. Mr. Donnelly is unique as a monologue artist, as he possesses a singing voice of much clarity and sweetness, something very few in his special line of stage work enjoy. He is as clever as the best and performs it with much more ease than any other performer in his line. He responds to his encores and exhausts his responses to the audience. Wherever Mr. Donnelly appears he wins a loyal clientele.—Advt.

Henry Krebs Dead.

Henry Krebs, a well known resident of Pine Grove Mills, was found dead in Tussey mountain last week. He had been camping with a party of hunters, and when his lifeless body was found it was at first suspected that he had met with an accident. It developed, however, that his death had resulted from natural causes. The funeral services at Pine Grove Mills on Saturday were largely attended.

RAIDED FARM FOWLS

Party of Hunters Commit Unsportsmanlike Depredations.

The Tyrone Herald says that several hunters, some from Altoona, who took part in a raid upon farms near Warrior's Mark, a few days ago, have been arrested and at a hearing before a justice of the peace were held over for court in Huntingdon county.

Two rather prominent residents of Altoona, with a reputation as hunters and trout fishermen, went to Tyrone and there joined two other nimrods. The four hired a team from a Tyrone livery man and with a driver in charge drove to the Warrior's Mark valley. They are said to have had a large quantity of liquor with them.

The Scott Buck farm is just north of Warrior's Mark and the hunters paid a visit to that place. Mr. Buck had a flock of 25 fine turkeys and the hunters shot some of the birds. Mr. Buck and family during the morning had left the farm to attend a funeral, leaving a married daughter with her four weeks' old baby alone in the house.

The men are said to have entered the home, frightening the woman half to death. Seeing that all of the men were under the influence of drink, the woman sold them one of the turkeys in order to get rid of the intruders as speedily as possible. However, before leaving the farm, the hunters shot two more of the biggest birds in the flock, thus getting away with three.

The majority of the farms in that section are connected by a rural telephone line. Just as soon as the men had left, the woman got busy on the telephone. She called up the store of Frank K. Mattern in Warrior's Mark, and Mr. Mattern with several other men jumped in an automobile and started for the Buck farm. Near the intersection known as the Cross Roads, they met the party of hunters. The marauders after leaving the Buck place had visited another farm where they shot a number of chickens. With the turkeys and chickens in their wagon they were headed for Warrior's Mark when they were met by the party in the automobile.

The offenders, then, were marched off to a justice of the peace where informations were lodged against them. An effort was made to settle the case by the payment of the costs but the people in that section evidently do not do things that way, and the men were bound over for court and the case will be disposed of at an early date, before a judge.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers.

Homer D. Decker, et ux, to Henry C. Noll, premises in Spring township; $1100.

Alfred C. Leathers, et ux, to Joseph L. Woomer, lot in State College; $350.

C. M. Gramley, et ux, to C. L. Gramley, 130 acres in Miles township; $5500.

C. M. Gramley, et ux, to C. L. Gramley, premises in Miles township; $2000.

Joseph J. Gessner, et al, to Kate Gessner, premisea in Spring township; $1.

Elsie V. Butler, et baron, to Penna. Railroad Co., tract in Howard township; $400.

D. Shelley Kloss, trustee, to Chas. H. Rowland, tract in Centre and Clearfield counties; $150,000.

Thomas Foster, et al, to Minnie B. Adams, lot in State College; $400.

Margaret Hughes to Joseph Domick, premises in Rush township; $243.75.

John Hoy, Jr., et ux, to Catherine E. Weight, 32 acres in Marion township; $806.25.

Hester S. Christ, et al, to C. W. Heckman, lot in College township; $150.

Flip of Coin Decided Election.

The flip of a coin has decided who will be the next tax collector of Newton, N. J. Joseph Haemer, Democrat, and John Master, Republican, rival candidates for the position, were so equally well thought of by the voters in the recent election that when the ballots were counted they stood tied, each with 1,086 votes. It would have cost either candidate $100 to obtain a recount, and a few days ago they agreed upon a cheaper, quicker and just as sure method of determining the right to office. A 50-cent piece was produced and the Democrats called heads and the Republicans tails. The coin fell with the head of Miss Liberty uppermost, and the Republican, with a handshake for his opponent, conceded defeat.

Senate Now a Tie.

United States Senator Isidor Rayner, of Maryland, died on Monday of last week. The death of Senator Rayner changes the political complexion of the United States Senate, swinging it from Democratic control to a tie. The Governor being a Republican appointed W. J. Jackson, a Republican. Each party will have 46 votes.

To Mothers in This Town.

Children who are delicate, pevish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, and are recommended for complaining children. A pleasant remedy for worms. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample Free. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. Advt.

The Time Table.

The time table was invented in the days when the railways had so many faults that something had to be done to divert attention of the public.

The ordinary one road time table is confusing enough, but the sort that affect to offer information as to the running of trains on connecting lines are the ones that cause strong men to leap from the clutch of their keepers and race choo-chooing hither and yon.

You are going to take No. 8 from Oopsqush to Ippleding on the O. G. and N. B. You find that to do this you leave No. 8 at Gonsofar and connect with No. 32 on the P. L. and U. C. for Wibbleville, where you catch No. 17. The man who sells you the ticket makes this plain to you. But when you try to unravel the time card you discover that you are also governed by Note B and three or four references. At Wibbleville you learn that No. 17, according to Note Q, runs only on Thursdays when it is raining and you will have to wait until 9:22 p. m. and take No. 13.

The simplest way to use a time table is to add the figures in any one column, divide the sum by the amount of your fare and stay at home.

Ignatius Donnelly cherished a theory that Bacon also wrote the time tables.—Chicago Post.

Pagodas In Burma.

Eight or nine miles below Mandalay, in Burma, the right bank of the Irrawaddy is hilly, and in the neighborhood of the old Burmese town of Sagaing the hills are dotted all over with pagodas. These are not temples, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, but are built by pious people as offerings to the supreme power, it being generally believed that such acts of devotion count to the builders' credit in the next world. The pagodas are of all kinds, according to the means of the builders, from primitive white-washed structures to ornate erections with grotesque gilded lions. The lions have various meanings, but stand chiefly as a reminder of unselfish devotion. An ancient Burmese legend, taught to all Burmese children, is that of a lioness who nursed and guarded the baby son of a king and who died of a broken heart when the prince grew up and went away.

Cigars and Income.

Editorial query: Are the author's data correct? Check yourself and see.

A dollar a day man smokes three for 5 cents cigars.

Two dollar a day man smokes five cent cigars.

Four dollar a day man smokes ten cent cigars.

Eight dollar a day man smokes three for 50 cents cigars.

Sixteen dollar a day man smokes twenty-five cent cigars.

Thirty-two dollar a day man smokes three for 50 cents cigars.

Sixty-four dollar a day man smokes ten cent cigars.

One hundred and twenty-eight dollar a day man smokes five cent cigars.

Two hundred and fifty-six dollar a day man smokes three for 5 cents cigars.

Editorial query No. 2: If the author's data are correct what's the answer.—New York World.

Japan's Anthem.

The Japanese national anthem is the most poetically worded in the world, with the possible exception of the Norwegian, "Ja, vi elsker," written by Bjornstjerne Bjornson. That is, of course, a matter of opinion, but the Japanese anthem is commendably short and makes, in its English form, an eminently pleasing poem. Its ten lines are as follows:

Until this grain of sand,
Tossed by each wavelet's freak,
Grow to a cloud girt peak,
Towering above the land;
Until the dewy flake
Beading this blossom's gold
Swell to a mighty lake—
Age upon age untold
Joy to joy manifold
Add for our sovereign's sake.

—London Chronicle.

Panoramas.

The panorama was invented by one Robert Barker of Scotland as far back as 1786. In 1788 Barker exhibited at Edinburgh a view of that city painted around the walls of a circular building, the first picture of its kind ever seen. He then commenced similar exhibitions in London, having adopted the name "panorama." He later on built commodious quarters in Leicester square for his exhibitions. Barker died in 1806, leaving his well nigh perfected art to be continued by others.

A Useless Question.

Aunt Eliza came up the walk and said to her small nephew:

"Good morning, Willie. Is your mother in?"

"Sure she's in," replied Willie truculently. "Do you s'pose I'd be workin' in the garden on Saturday morning if she wasn't?"

Her Method.

Binks—Do you save much?

Winkes—No. As soon as I save a dollar my wife saves ten cents more by spending it for something that's marked down.—New York Globe.

Believed Him.

He (indignantly)—I beg your pardon, miss, but I always keep my word. She (complacently)—I can easily believe that, for no one would take it.

Precaution.

Briggs—Does your wife laugh when you tell her a funny story? Braggs—Oh, yes! I always tell her beforehand that it is funny.

A friendly thought is the purest gift a man can afford to man.—Carlyle.

NEW SOCIAL CREED

Council of Churches at Chicago Reviews Work of Federation.

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, representing 32 denominations, is in session in Chicago this week, to review Federation work on a nation-wide scale. More than 17,000,000 church members are represented by the delegates. Adoption of a new social creed to be the standard of all churches in the federation will be one of the most important features. The adoption of a common religious creed is forbidden by the constitution of the federal council. The social creed, however, is intended to be the basis of the civic work of the churches, furtherance of which is a leading purpose of the council. The features of the social creed of the council are as follows:

"The Church must stand:

"For the protection of the family by the single standard of purity, regulation of marriage and proper housing.

"For fullest development of the child by education and recreation.

"For the abatement and prevention of poverty.

"For the conservation of health.

"For safeguarding the right of all men to an opportunity for self-maintenance and for protection of workers from the hardship of enforced unemployment."

The new features of the social creed are intended to supplement and bring up to date the humanitarian provisions of the social creed of the council which has been standing four years. Old-age provision, abolition of child labor, living wage, reduction of hours of labor, equitable division of the products of industry and protection of women workers are the chief features of the existing creed.

In commenting on the new provisions of the social creed, the committee on social service will say in its report:

"That we should make this advance is called for by the fact that the problems which face us, while probably not greater, are more clearly seen by us now than four years ago.

"We record with deep regret the increasing prodigality on the part of irresponsible men and women of large possessions. We would point out the intimate relation between reckless display of wealth and the revolutionary and defiant attitude of the multitude who feel, rightly or wrongly, that it is at their expense. We deplore the defiance of sobriety and order on the part of any element of human society and wish to fix the blame where it belongs."

The Late Crops.

Bradstreet's Report says: Corn husking is finished, and although prices are low the country is selling quite freely. The steady sag in wheat prices is bringing forward the question as to whether farmers will continue to follow the market downward. After five months' movement American and world stocks are only about equal to a year ago, despite the 7 per cent. increase in world's yield. Winter-wheat condition is high the country over, and a condition well above 90 is practically assured for December 1. The area seeded in Kansas is said to be 7,500,000 acres, or 2 per cent. over 1911, with a condition 91. Higher prices have helped to stimulate the movement of cotton. Even in Georgia, where the crop is conceded to be short by 30 to 40 per cent., the higher price is credited with helping trade sentiment and movement. Dry weather in the Kentucky tobacco region retards the placing of the late crop upon the market, but the change in weather is expected to push marketing. In Virginia good prices for a rather low-grade crop are reported.

Freight Conductor Killed.

Gottlieb Myers, a freight conductor on the Pennsylvania railroad, met death near Driftwood last Thursday night when struck by the passenger train which left Renovo at 4:30 o'clock. The freight train was standing on a siding and Myers was walking along the track taking the numbers of the cars. Either he failed to notice the approach of the passenger train or did not realize that he had stepped on the main track, for he apparently made no effort to get out of the way. He was hurled about twenty feet and when the trainmen reached him he was dead.

To Gettysburg Survivors.

Thomas J. Stewart, Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, Penna., is compiling information relative to the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg, to be held at Gettysburg, July 1st—4th, 1913, and desires the name, command, date enlistment, date of discharge, and post office address, of each surviving soldier now residing in Pennsylvania, who served in a Pennsylvania organization that participated in the Battle of Gettysburg, and who enlisted and served therein prior to July 4th, 1863.

Here is Relief for Women.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, try Mother Gray's Aromatic Leaf, a pleasant herb remedy for women's ills and a great system regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50c., sample free. Address, Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y. Advt.

"Suffered day and night the torment of itching piles. Nothing helped me until I used Doan's Ointment. The result was lasting."—Hon. John H. Garrett, Mayor, Girard, Ala.—Advt.

Josiah Miller Dead.

Josiah Miller, one of the best known citizens of Nittany valley, died at 1 o'clock Saturday morning at his home in Salona, aged 82 years. He had been ill about two months and death was due to infirmities of old age.

Mr. Miller was born in Salona and spent his four score years in that section, where he was esteemed as an upright, honorable man, who bore the respect of all his friends and acquaintances, says the Lock Haven Express. His vocation, earlier in life was that of a carpenter, but as he grew older he served as mail carrier between the railroad station and postoffice. He was a life-long member of the Methodist church, being affiliated with the church at his home.

Deceased is survived by his wife and the following children: Lewis, Matthew and Charles Miller, of Salona; Frank, of Mill Hall; George, who resides in Kansas; Mrs. Daniel Dunkle, of Pittsburg, and Charles Krape, of Johnsonburg. One brother, Wilson Miller, of Salona, also survives.

Funeral services were held at his home in Salona at 1.30 o'clock on Monday afternoon. Interment in Cedar Hill cemetery.

The Colonial Shoemaker.

American supremacy in shoemaking is due largely to specialization. Abroad an operative does half a dozen different things. Here he performs one simple process, and here also one factory makes one kind of shoes. If a large manufacturer makes different kinds of shoes he has a separate factory for each kind.

What a sight the modern shoe factory would be to the primitive shoemaker of colonial days, who was an itinerant workman, carried his tools with him and stayed with each family long enough to make up the farmer's supply of home tanned leather into shoes enough to last until his next annual visit. His last was roughly whittled out of a piece of wood to suit the largest foot in the family and then pared down for the successive sizes. He sat on a low bench, one end of which was divided into compartments, where his awls, hammers, knives and rasps were kept, with his pots of paste and blacking, his nails, thread, lingings and buttons, "shoulder sticks" and "rub sticks."—New York Sun.

O-dori Street, Tokyo.

One of the most densely peopled spots in the world is O-dori street, Tokyo. The long thoroughfare known as Ginza, which runs from near the Shimbashi railway station to Spectacles bridge, is made up of several streets with different names, some wide and modern, some old fashioned and narrow, and if the earth were suddenly to gape open wide in that portion known as O-dori street at any hour of the day there is no other thoroughfare in the Japanese city where the results to human life would be more fatal, for here the tide of human life runs the highest. But O-dori street is extremely narrow, so that the density of the crowd does not make the daily figures much above the 300,000 mark. Unlike most of the other important cities of the world, this thickly populated commercial district of Tokyo is situated outside the city walls.—Strand Magazine.

The Better Part of Valor.

Nobody ever called in question the courage of the early Spanish settlers of California, but there seems to have been at least one man among their descendants who held discretion to be the better part of valor. A certain Don Andreas was interviewed by his superior officer on the eve of an engagement with the enemy and was warned that the American was a very different foe from the Indian or the Mexican and that courage should not be pushed to rashness in an encounter with him.

"Have no fear, general," was the response of the intrepid caballero. "I would far rather that history should record from where I fled than where I fell."

The general's mind was probably relieved of anxiety concerning the fate of at least one individual in his command by this reply.

A Modern Raleigh.

He was a stalwart young citizen, she a charming young woman. They were under an awning. The rain had ceased, but the street was muddy. He did not look like Sir Walter Raleigh, nor did she look like Queen Elizabeth. But probably Q. E. never looked prettier.

"Wuxtry poipers!" shouted a newsboy.

"Say, kid," he said, "are you too busy to earn a half dollar?"

"Well, Bo," replied the boy, "do I look like a cheap edition of Mr. Rocke-by-baby? Show me de mun."

"Well, boy, take your papers, spread 'em out from curb to car track. Cover the mud with 'em. Get busy!"

He paid the astonished boy. The car came. He bowed in courtly manner to the queen. She blushed and said:

"Oh, Billy, you foolish boy!" But she walked over the papered path as proudly as Q. E. could have done.

Then, like Q. E., she sentenced him for life. He is her meal ticket now.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Resting on His Laurels.

An undertaker was discussing queer sepultures.

"A queer sepulture indeed," he said, "was that of a German playwright, Gustave von Moser. Von Moser kept in his house a costly and beautiful urn. He purposed to be cremated, and his ashes were to be put in the urn afterward.

"But the strangest thing about the urn was that it contained a little bed of ashes during Von Moser's life. He used, you see, to get a good many laurel wreaths when his new plays were put on, and he would take a sprig from each wreath, burn it and drop the ashes into the urn.

"'My own ashes,' he would say, 'will lie on top. Thus after death it may be truly said of me that I am resting on my laurels."—New York Tribune.

Flags We Have Known.

The first flag to float over American soil was the royal standard of Isabella, emblazoned with the arms of Castile and Leon. A white flag with a green cross was its companion. Some years after Columbus landed at San Salvador the Cabots planted the banner of England and of St. Mark of Venice on the eastern shore of North America. In the centuries that have intervened since a variety of national flags have waved where now only the stars and stripes is the accepted emblem. Over Texas have floated the French, Spanish, English, American and Confederate; in Louisiana the lilies of France, the Spanish flag, the tricolor, the American and Confederate flags; in California the Spanish, Mexican, Russian and American.

Moors Consider Us Dirty.

A habit of our own which we consider far more cleanly than eating with our fingers is looked upon by the Moors as filthy—that is, washing our hands or face in a basin and, still more, taking a bath where the water is not running. The cleaner we become, they say, the dirtier the water we are washing with must necessarily become, and eventually we step forth as cleansed from water which is no longer clean. A Moor to wash his hands has the water poured from a vessel over them and never by any chance dips them into the dirty water. The same way in their baths. The water is thrown over their bodies out of bright brass bowls and flows away through holes in the marble or tile floor.

Mammy's Expedient.

Little Rastus was becoming very objectionable in school because his wool was growing longer and longer, far beyond the cutting stage. The teacher tried hinting to no purpose and then told him outright to go have his hair cut, giving him a quarter for the purpose.

Rastus broke out crying and said: "Ma mammy, I doesn't hab it cut. Ma mammy, she washes it, and she's done a promise, if she ever [illegible] Christmas."

In a Bad Way.

"I fear that his husband will break down. He is suffering from brain exhaustion."

"How dreadful! What are his symptoms?"

"He bitterly keeps repenting himself in his excuses for coming home late from the club, dear."

What She Really Wanted.

Ferdie had just proposed to Millie.

"No, Ferdie," she said; "I cannot marry you. The man who gets me must be a grand man, upright and square."

"My dear girl," said Ferdie, "you don't want a man; you want a piano."—Exchange.

Translating the Definition.

Johnny—Papa, what does precocious mean? Papa—It means—a—it is a term applied to children who know more than is usual at their age. Johnny—Oh, yes, it means a fresh kid!

For Appearance.

"How can you marry a man as old as all that?"

"Well, mother says I will look well in white, and sister says I will look well in black."—Pittsburgh Post.

Money and Trouble.

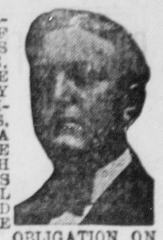
"Money, after all, means nothing but trouble."

"Still, it is the only kind of trouble which it is hard to borrow."—Baltimore American.

He that falls into sin is a man; he that grieves at it is a saint; that boasteth of it is a devil.—Fuller.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED!

I Will Prove It To You At My Expense.



YOU WHO ARE SUFFERING THE TORTURES OF ECZEMA, WHOSE DAYS ARE MISERABLE, WHOSE NIGHTS ARE MADE SLEEPLESS BY THE TERRIBLE ITCHING, BURNING PAINS, LET ME SEND YOU A FREE TRIAL OF THE TREATMENT WHICH HAS CURED HUNDREDS WHICH I BELIEVE WILL CURE YOU. I WILL SEND IT FREE. POSTAGE PAID, WITHOUT ANY OBLIGATION ON YOUR PART. JUST WRITE ME A LETTER, OR SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD. I WILL SEND THE TREATMENT FREE OF COST TO YOU.

J. C. HUTZELL, 115 W. Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Was Accidentally Shot.

James DeHaas, a 14 years' old boy, of Ford City, Armstrong county, who was reported on Saturday to have fallen from a stump and broken his neck, while out hunting in company with his father, Jacob DeHaas, of Ford City, and R. S. Mobley, of Beech Creek, in the Big Run district, about twelve miles from Beech Creek, it has been learned since by discovery of the undertaker, that the boy did not break his neck, but that his gun was discharged in some unknown way, presumably by slipping off the stump where the boy had been resting it and the charge passed through his hand, entering his abdomen and ploughed its way up through his body coming out of his neck under the left ear. The accident occurred during the forenoon of Wednesday, last, and the body was taken in charge by Undertaker Edward Bechdol, of Blanchard. Funeral services and burial at Blanchard Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.—Lock Haven Democrat.

John Laurie Hurt.

The Tyrone correspondent of the Altoona Tribune on Friday last, wrote the following:

"That misfortunes never come singly" is earnestly believed by Engineer John T. Laurie, of Cameron avenue. During the past several years, besides the deaths of relatives he has experienced in his own family most all sorts of calamities, from broken arms and dislocated knees and countless minor injuries among his children to the one which befel him last week. While bringing down stairs a heating stove, a two-man job tackled unaided, the stove got the upper hand and crushed him against the wall, resulting in a quintette of painfully bruised ribs. His daughter Mildred was out for the first in two weeks Thursday afternoon after an attack of quinsy.

Record Crop in Kansas.

Kansas crops of wheat, corn and oats this year are the largest the state ever has produced, according to a report of the state board of agriculture. The present wheat prospect is 91 per cent. on 7,500,000 acres. The report says: The combined value of Kansas wheat, corn and oats this year is $1,000,785.66, or about $55,000,000 more than in 1911. The next best record was in 1909, when their value was $169,262,323. This year's yields were in each instance considerably in excess of those of 1909, but prices were lower.

Lewistown Contractor Suicide.

W. D. Steinbach, a prominent Lewistown contractor, who with his son has erected a number of state and railroad buildings, committed suicide by shooting himself last Friday afternoon. He had been in ill-health for some time.

A healthy man is a king in his own right: an unhealthy man an unhappy salve. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 25 years. $1.00 a bottle.—Advt

Diphtheria Closed Churches.

The Lewistown churches were closed on Thanksgiving Day, no services being held because of the outbreak of diphtheria in that town. This was in accordance with the direction of Commissioner of Health Dixon.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year.

Why Salves Can't Cure Eczema

Since the old-fashioned theory of curing eczema through the blood has been given up by scientists, many different salves have been tried for skin diseases. But it has been found that these salves only clog the pores and cannot penetrate to the inner skin below the epidermis where the eczema germs are lodged.

This—the quality of penetrating—probably explains the tremendous success of the well known liquid eczema remedy, oil of wintergreen, thymol, glycerine, etc., as compounded in D.D.D. Prescription.

We have sold other remedies for skin troubles but none that we can recommend as highly as this for we know that D.D.D. stops the itch at once. We just want you to give D.D.D. a trial. That will be enough to prove it.

Of course all other druggists have D.D.D. Prescription—go to them if you can't come to us—but don't accept some big profit substitute.

But if you come to our store, we are so certain of what D.D.D. will do for you that we offer you a full size bottle on this guarantee:—If you do not find that it takes away the itch AT ONCE, it costs you not a cent.

Green's Pharmacy Co.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results. Refuse substitutes.

For sale at C. M Parrish, druggist..

The Case Book of a Private Detective

True Narratives of Interesting Cases by a Former Operative of the William J. Burns Detective Agency

By DAVID CORNELL

(Copyright by the International Press Bureau.)

A MATTER OF INTUITION

How the Brundage Novelty Company Robbery Was Uncovered

At one time in the history of detective work, possibly, the sole function of the detective was to detect crime and criminals. This still is the function for which official detectives, those employed by city, state or nation, exist. But in this day of hectic business competition there has grown to startling proportions another use for the private detective agency; and the ways and means in which the public is learning to use and misuse the service which any detective agency places at their beck and call for $8 a day, often have little or nothing in common with the original purposes of the detective's profession.

Probably one half the business that comes to the private detective agency is "business," instead of crime. Firms hire private detectives to spy on a competitor; employers hire them to look up the conduct of employes after business hours. There are private detective agencies so unscrupulous that you can engage their operatives for almost any service, no matter how low. Then, again, there is the Burns Agency, of which I was an operative, which will not touch a piece of business that is not obviously and absolutely square. But even pursuing this policy, without wavering, they are at times led into wierd and wonderful paths of business mazes; and the work often is no less thrilling than the pursuit of vicious criminals.

The Brundage Novelty Company case was one of the most interesting jobs of any kind that I ever tackled.

On the first of September, 1910, our agency received a telephone call from the Knickerbocker Hotel. The call was: "Please pick out a man whom you know you can trust in every way and send him up here to room L 98."

The caller refused to give his name or to mention the purpose for which he wanted a detective.

"I'll explain all that satisfactorily to you after I have seen whether you have a man whom I consider capable of handling my business," was his answer to the office manager's request for more information.

"That's a queer one," muttered the manager, and he took the call in to the chief.

"Better send Cornell up there to see what it is," said the chief. "We won't touch it if it doesn't look good."

I at once took the subway to Times Square, and a few minutes later I knocked at room L 98. The door was opened by an old man of patriarchal appearance, one in whom the dreamer and the man of efficiency seemed strangely combined. He peered at me for possibly 30 seconds through the six inches of opening he had made.

"Come in," he said. After he had shut and locked the door he added: "You're from the Burn's Agency, of course. Sit down."

I sat. The old man stood before me with his hands on his hips. Usually it is the detective who stands and scrutinizes and analyzes his client, but in this case the usual order was reversed.

"How old are you?" said the old man presently.

"Thirty-six," I replied.

"Married?"

"Yes."

"Children?"

"Three."

"Got a picture of your wife or any of the children with you?"

I looked at him and began to smile. "Now look here, sir," I said; "so far as I understand it, you sent for a detective—"

"Young man," said he, holding up his hand in great dignity, "do not be impatient, please. Please answer my questions. Call it humoring an old man, if you will. There is a reason. Now, again; have you a picture of your wife or children with you? Do you carry one?"

More out of curiosity to see what he was driving at than anything else, I replied that I did carry such a picture, and opening my watch showed him the tiny picture of my little family that was pasted on the inside of the case.

"Good," said he. "Do you carry any life insurance?"

"You old shark!" I said, laughing. "So that's what you got me up here for? Well, that's certainly a new dodge for an insurance agent."

"Young man, young man—don't, please;" said he. "Answer my question, if you please."

"Yes," I said, "I do."

"Good!" Then he drew a chair up before me, and sat down, rubbing his hands.

"I must have a decent man, a fairly good man, a man I can believe in to handle this business," said he. "That is why I asked those apparently aimless questions. A married man is more dependable than a single one; a man who thinks a lot of his family is most dependable of all—for my purpose. And a man who thinks a lot of his family will often carry a picture around with him, and carry life insurance for their benefit. Now do you understand me? That is my way of finding out if I want to trust a man."

"Well?" said I.

"Well," said he, "I believe I have been fortunate enough to find such a man at my first try. I believe I can trust you. My name is Ezra Brundage."

At first the name conveyed nothing to me.

"Inventor of the Brundage novelties," he continued, "and president of the Brundage Novelty Company, of Hoboken."

I placed him, then; I had seen his photograph in the advertisements of the Brundage novelties.

"What is it that you want me to do, Mr. Brundage?" I asked.

"I want you," said he, "to satisfy me that the Brundage Novelty Company is not being robbed."

Then he went on to explain. It seems that he had no definite reason for being suspicious. He said it was only his intuition that told him all was not right in the company. He said that a sense of wrong-doing on the part of someone in the office had impressed him several weeks before; that the impression had grown until he had begun to investigate, and though he could find no signs, he now was fully convinced that the company—and therefore himself—was being robbed.

"Intuition entirely, Mr. Cornell," he said. "But all my life I have listened to my intuition, even in my business dealings, and I find that it guards me better than anything else I know."

"Whom do you suspect?" I said bluntly.

"Mr. Cornell, I am in partnership with a young man named Gerber."

"And he's the man, is he?"

He bowed. "I am afraid so, though I dislike to say it. Mr. Gerber is a young man, and hitherto I have thought him the soul of honor—one whom it was a privilege and pleasure to associate with."

"And how do you think he's getting away with the loot?"

He thought it over for a few seconds and said slowly: "I do not know. That is what I what you to find out. He is our treasurer, and so has charge of all the finances of the firm."

"Well," said I, "are there any details you can give me? Any pointers?"

"None," he said. "But I have this suggestion to make; that you go to work in our office as a clerk where you will have opportunities for close observation."

"To watch you partner, Gerber?"

"To watch Mr. Gerber. I place the case in your hands; watch Mr. Gerber."

Back to the office I went to report to the chief.

"I thought you would find sort of a queer bird from the way he phoned," said the chief. "But business is business; he's retained us for the job, and your job is to watch Gerber. However, don't be so slow as to merely follow his suggestion about going to work in the office. Beat the old man to it; look up Gerber—after hours. You'll get more there, probably, than you would in the office."

Under these instructions I went over to Hoboken at once with another man to get a "spot" on Gerber, who was unknown to me. "Getting a spot" on a man in detective parlance signifies this process: one detective enters an office or place of business and asks for the man that is wanted. Meeting him, he makes some excuse and gets away. At the door of the place he waits for the man to come out. Across the street is another detective. When the man who is to be shadowed comes out the first detective signals to the man across the street in some unobtrusive way and drops out. In this case Cluffer the man who went with me, entered the offices of the Brundage Novelty Company and asked for Mr. Gerber Having met him Cluffer merely applied for a position—and was turned down. When Gerber came out at 1 in the afternoon Cluffer, standing near the office entrance, took a paper from his pocket and began to read it—the signal we had agreed upon. Then Cluffer went back to New York, and I whom Gerber had never seen, took up the trail. In this way all chance for suspicion on the part of the subject is eliminated.

For the next three days we "took him up in the morning and put him to bed at night." That is, from the moment when he left his house in the morning to when he retired for the night, Gerber never was out of sight of a detective.

By day, in the office, I had him under my eye, having gone to work there as a clerk. Outside of the office another man from the agency watched him, no matter where he went Gerber didn't have a chance to make a move that wasn't reported on.

But nothing developed in this time, and I went to the chief and reported my belief that old Brundage was half cracked and that his suspicion was nothing more or less than a hallucination, a brainstorm, to put in bluntly.

"Well, don't let that worry you," said the good natured chief. "Brundage is paying the bill. He's good for it, and there's nothing more important on hand for you just at present. And, say, Cornell, don't you fool yourself too much about that old fellow having a brainstorm. He's a pretty wise old bird. Any man who can invent the scores of little things that he's put on the market, and run a successful business at the same time, is no fool, let me tell you. The thing may develop into a freak case, but believe me, old Brundage has some real reason for incurring our bill."

The fifth day of the case a roughly dressed young man came in to see Gerber. Gerber took him into his private office and closed the door, so it was impossible for me to see or hear what went on between them. But the fact that such secrecy had been observed put me on my guard, and when the young fellow came out I managed to have something to do that brought me near to him. It seems ridiculous, possibly to the layman, to mention as the starting point in an exciting case a whiff of an odor, but such was the real starting point of the Brundage Novelty Company case from my standpoint.

I caught the odor of gasoline from this young man as he swept out of Gerber's private office.

Of course the thing meant nothing at the time. It suggested nothing. The only situation opened by it was this: Gerber had some dealings of a private nature with a young man who smelled of gasolene.

At the same time, it opened up another possible clue for us to work on, for in our previous investigation we had not found Gerber in any dealings with anybody who smelled of gasolene or who might have occasion to use that fluid. As our task was to investigate all angles of Gerber's career, with a view to finding something to substantiate old Brundage's indefinite suspicions, the young man with the gasolene odor promptly became an interesting factor.

Across the street was one of our men, waiting. When the gasolene man left the building I gave Dawson the signal to follow him. My man picked up the trail like a hound, and well satisfied that the mysterious young man would be followed to his destination, I turned back to my pretended occupation.

"When he turned away from the window I was standing before him."

Mind, all this work was being done without any sane or definite reason for doing it. We didn't know whether Gerber was guilty of anything, or if he was guilty, of what it might be. We were working for Brundage, who had a suspicion, and so long as he paid the bill, and we had nothing more important to do, we would continue on the job.

I suggested to Mr. Brundage that he examine the books of the company for indications of anything wrong.

"I had thought of that long ago," said he. "But Mr. Gerber has all the books in his personal charge. He locks them up every evening. To secure them for an investigation it would be necessary to make a demand upon Mr. Gerber, and this naturally would arouse his suspicion. No. We will go on as we have begun. I am satisfied. If anything is wrong it will be shown, for Mr. Gerber is not permitted to remove the books from this office."

That evening I got Dawson's report on the young man who had been in to see Gerber.

"He's the engineer of a fifty foot gasolene launch, the Nadine, that is lying in the Hudson opposite Forty-second street," Dawson reported. "The boat's owner is said to be a Mr. Russel."

"Said to be?"

"Yes; because I hung around and wormed out a description of this 'Russel' from a lot of fellows hanging around the docks, and he comes pretty close to looking like Mr. Gerber, if these fellows were right."

Still, this meant nothing so far as any case was concerned. But when I made enquiries about the office to find out if Gerber went in for motorboating, and found he had expressed himself as having an aversion to the water, the thing began to look as if there might be something in it. If the boat, The Nadine, belonged to Gerber, he was keeping it a secret; and if he had secrets they might be connected with Brundage's suspicions of something wrong in the firm.

Strange to say, as I continued to watch Gerber, I too, began to acquire a suspicious feeling toward him, just as the senior partner had done. There was no tangible reason why this should be so. His actions apparently were what they should be. But there was something wrong with the man. That is as well as I am able to explain it. He wasn't "right." I have felt this intuition—or "hunch," in detective parlance—several times in my career; and the experiences have convinced me that the detection of crime could be made an exact psychological science, that each and every guilty person carries about him certain signs—or possibly an aura—which distinguishes him from the normal being. For guilt of a crime of any sort, after all, is an abnormality.

Gerber, in his office, and in his life after business hours, apparently went along as an honest man in his position should. But the more I studied him the more I began to agree with Brundage that it was time he was investigated.

I put Dawson to work on the young engineer. Dawson rented a little motor boat, got permission to tie it up beside the fifty-footer in the young man's charge, and began to overhaul his engine, as if preparing for a cruise This gave him an opportunity to borrow wrenches and oils from the larger boat, to buy drinks and cigars to pay for the favors, and so to strike up a close acquaintance with the man he was after.

Had that young man been strictly temperate it is doubtful if the Brundage Novelty Company case ever would have become a credit to the Burns Agency. Dawson plied him steadily with liquid refreshment in the saloons along the water front, and the young man began to talk about his employer.

"He's a queer crab," said the engineer. "He makes me keep this boat in running order day and night—makes me stay by it ready to repaint it at a minute's notice. Now what in the devil would a man want to have his boat repainted so suddenly for?"

"I couldn't guess," said Dawson.

"Then again," went on the intemperate engineer, "his name is Gerber and he makes me tell everybody that the boat is owned by a chap named Russel. Now, what would he be doing that for? I—"

He shut up suddenly then, realizing in drunken fashion that he had gone too far.

After Dawson had made this report he went off the case, being called in to the New York office. For the next week, or until September 25th, I worked on Gerber in every way I knew how, without finding a thing. On the 25th he failed to show up at the office. A telephone call to his house elicited the fact that he had left at about midnight and had not returned

I had a hunch on the instant, and calling a taxi drove to the place where the Nadine had been docked. The slip was empty, the boat was gone From men around the docks I found that the boat had disappeared in the night without being seen, that nobody had known it was going, and that nobody knew where it had gone.

I went back to the office and told Brundage all I knew.

"Hm!" said he, and together we went to the safe. Brundage tried to open it, he and Gerber having had the combination together. He failed For half an hour he tried, and then he gave up and telephoned for an expert from the safe company.

When the safe finally was opened the books were placed at once in the hands of an expert accountant. He found the discrepancy within half an hour.

"It is one of the clumsiest cases of juggling I ever saw," he said. "As near as I can tell on this short examination, the cash is $15,000 short. Apparently it has been short for a long time, because I see that the juggling of figures has been going on for months."

"Hm," said Brundage. "For months, eh? I was slow. Mr. Cornell, your task is simplified now; you have only to find Mr Gerber"

Yes, that was all, but that was plenty. Here is how we laid down our theory of the situation: Gerber had gone away in the Nadine. He had probably had the boat repainted, renamed, and otherwise altered before leaving. He had left no sign of his route or destination. Our task was to comb the Hudson river up and down and pick out Gerber in his probably altered boat.

Dawson came over on the jump from the office.

"I sized the Nadine up carefully," said he. "I think I will know her even under a different name and different paint."

"Get the fastest boat for hire on the river," said Brundage., "Follow him and bring him back."

We got the Puritan, a semi-racer with a small cabin. Two hours after the discrepancy in Gerber's books had been found, Dawson and I were chugchugging up the Jersey side of the Hudson 20 miles an hour, with our eyes on the lookout for a launch that might be the Nadine. At the same time we notified all police chiefs of the towns along the river to be on the lookout for such a boat and for Gerber and his engineer. Four days of this sort of work, coupled with the efforts of the various police departments, showed us that no boat of this description was on the Hudson. The Nadine had disappeared.

I went back to the slip in Hoboken and began to work among the hangers-on along the docks The Nadine had been under their eyes constantly, and finally one of them let drop the remark that put me on the scent.

"Wherever she went, she didn't go far," said this man. "They didn't have gasolene in her enough to run five miles, and there was no chance to get any when they slipped out at night."

If this was true the Nadine must have put in at some nearby dock to purchase gasolene if she intended to make a long trip. So far as we could find, she had not done this. There was a chance that the boat still was in the vicinity.

Working on this chance we began to search the nearby boatyards. On the second day we found her. She was up high and dry, having her keel repaired, under the name of the Gull.

But for the waterman who had observed the depletion of her fuel supply the boat might have lain there till it rotted before we noticed it, for the work of disguising her had been well done, and a boat on the blocks in dry-dock is of different appearance than a boat in the water.

I was forced to smile in admiration of Gerber when I found the Nadine. He had fooled us, and fooled us artistically. We had thought it a certain thing that he had flown away up or down the river. He had worked artistically to this end. But he had done nothing of the sort. All he had done—as I discovered when I located the engineer—was to telephone the latter to take the Nadine out at night and lay her up for repairs in the boatyard. Then he, Gerber, had flitted otherwhere, leaving us to chase away on his false, watery tracks. It was well done. It was better done than most crooked pieces of work. But like all crooks he had not stopped to consider the absolute certainty of being caught when there is plenty of money willing to be spent to effect a capture.

"Get him," directed Brundage. "I don't care how high the bills run; get that man."

After that it was only a question of time.

How is the net woven with such certainty around the hiding criminal? In Gerber's case, ten days after his defalcation was discovered, 10,000 circulars, containing his description and history and two cuts of him, were in the hands of as many trained men in all parts of the country. A thousand men, in all the large ports of the world, had these circulars three weeks later.

Gerber was not caught, however, until after three months had elapsed. Then one of his intimate friends—whom I was watching as the first person Gerber would be likely to communicate with—received a letter postmarked New Orleans, and addressed in a disguised hand. I had possession of the letter before the friend ever saw it—through a secret arrangement with the postal authorities. I opened it—and it was from Gerber. Copying the letter, word by word, I sealed it again, and sent it along to its destination. But before he ever received the letter I was on my way to New Orleans. I went straight to the general delivery window at the post office and waited. Gerber had directed his mail to be sent there. I got him that night. He came in with his hat over his eyes, and asked for a letter. When he turned away from the window I was standing before him.

"Hello, Gerber," I said, "I came down to bring you back to Hoboken."

He stood dumb for ten seconds. Then he blurted: "How in——did you ever do it? Haven't been out of my room in daylight since I came here."

"Oh, well," I said, "you come back like a nice boy and I'll tell you all about it on the train."

Brundage didn't prosecute Gerber. He said, "Fifteen thousand dollars is a big sum to lose. But it would be harder for me had I lost faith in my sense of intuition."

The Captain of His Soul.

Nearly blind, partly paralyzed and wholly helpless, Gen. Homer Lea, recently in command of the victorious Chinese revolutionary army, is reported to be returning to the United States. His ailments are not of recent origin. As a young man Homer Lea was frail and undersized.

Those who saw this lad a few years ago drilling companies of Chinese with broomsticks for rifles only laughed at the grotesque sight. But he refused to recognize his limitations. The driving force within him urged him on and made up for all deficiencies. So through the force of an indomitable personality he conquered more of life than is usually given to even the brilliantly endowed man of fine physique.

Stone walls do not prison make, nor iron bars a cage. Neither does physical frailty bar a person from achievement. Milton did his greatest work after he had become blind. Beethoven was deaf when he wrote the famous Ninth Symphony. Spencer did his work in spite of chronic invalidism. Stevenson wrote under sentence of exile to the South seas. The deaf, dumb and blind Helen Keller has made her life count.

Henley was right. A man is the master of his fate and the captain of his soul—if he will only take command.

Going Up.

"Would you vote for a man who offered you money?"

"I should say not," replied the shifty member of the legislature. "The days for that kind of transaction are past. A man who wants to clinch my influence has got to have a good business and slip me an interest in it."

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., December 5, 1912

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed. & Pub.

Subscription rate, $1 a year, strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, $1.50 a year in Advance.

Advertising Rates.

One Column, 1 year.....$100
One-half Column, 1 year..... 60
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 35
Legal Notices (if no special contract exists) 10 cents per line, each insertion, nonpareil measure.

HERE'S TO YOU, GOVERNOR!

Every friend of The Pennsylvania State College will rejoice that Governor Tener has taken such a firm stand in favor of larger State appropriations for that splendid and constantly growing institution. It is at the same time a tribute to Governor Tener that he has been able to fully grasp and appreciate the important part State College is to play in the years to come. From the day he became Governor he has evinced the deepest interest in the welfare of State College. He has ever since stood as the firm champion of the institution, and now he extends the welcome assurance that it will be his pleasure to urge the coming Legislature to accord The Pennsylvania State College the very largest appropriation consistent with the revenues of the commonwealth. The Governor frankly says that in his judgment this college is entitled to the largest appropriation granted institutions of a like character. Such an indorsement should, and no doubt will, have a vital bearing on the amount to be expended by the next Legislature for maintenance and expansion in the succeeding two years. It is an indorsement that comes at the hour when it is most needed. The effect will be far-reaching in its influence upon future Legislatures.

There is a moral in the manner in which Governor Tener has come to have such a deep admiration for The Pennsylvania State College. He was won over to the wonderful work being done there by a visit to the institution. An important factor was the capable manner in which every phase of the college was brought to his notice by the college officials. It has been said that the average visitor to The Pennsylvania State College goes home a friend of the institution. This is well illustrated in the case of Governor Tener. The plan of having persons from distant points visit the place and learn from observation just what is offered there for the education of young men and young ladies is the most effective kind of missionary work. The lamented Dr. Atherton warmly advocated the plan. General Beaver, popularly dubbed the "best friend Penn-State ever had" has strongly advocated it on every occasion. Dr. Sparks, now the President, has advanced the idea in a most admirable manner. To his personal efforts is chiefly due the arousing of Governor Tener's enthusiasm in advocating larger appropriations. The plan is a good one because State College is "there with the goods."

Meanwhile, here's to you, Governor Tener, may you live long and prosper and the longer you live may your affection for Penn-State grow stronger.

Mrs. Sarah J. Reed Dead.

After an illness from heart trouble Mrs. Sarah Jane Reed breathed her last and her spirit went to Him who doeth all things well, at her late home on East Main Street, Pine Grove Mills. She was a daughter of the late David and Elizabeth Sparr Reed and was born at Rock Hill on May 18, 1837. She was one of a family of ten children, the surviving ones now being James C., of Boalsburg, and Maggie, with whom the deceased made her home. She was a model lady, being of a retiring disposition and possessing a beautiful character. As a member of the Reformed church she was ever in her pew when health permitted. Her death is sincerely mourned. Burial was made in the new cemetery, Rev. S. C. Stover officiating.

Here is Relief for Women.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, try Mother Gray's Aromatic Leaf, a pleasant herb remedy for women's ills and a great system regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50c., sample free. Address, Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y. Advt.

"Suffered day and night the torment of itching piles. Nothing helped me until I used Doan's Ointment. The result was lasting."—Hon. John H. Garrett, Mayor, Girard, Ala.—Advt.

Children who are delicate, pevis and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, and are recommended for complaining children. A pleasant remedy for worms. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample Free. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. Advt.

Historic Old Hotel.

The Golden Kreuz (Golden Cross) at Regensburg (Ratisbon), in Bavaria, is the oldest hotel in Europe. King Ferdinand I. halted at it on his way to his coronation in 1531, and no other hotel in Europe possesses records of such great antiquity as the Golden Cross at Ratisbon does or can boast of having had so many royal visitors as have enjoyed its hospitality. The existing visitors' books, which date from 1819, contain the names of more than 500 imperial, royal and princely personages. The room is shown where in 1865 the late Prince Bismarck, at that time Prussian premier, slept when he came with his sovereign to hold the conference which was the last attempt to prevent war between Austria and Prussia. The negotiations were held in the "small hall" of the hotel under the presidency of King William of Prussia. The host is equally proud of the autographs of Schiller and other men of letters which he possesses. The author of "William Tell" wrote the words "Und eine heimath ist es" ("It is indeed a home") in memory of his stay there, and no landlord could wish for a better advertisement.—London Telegraph.

Laws of Old Japan.

One of the most striking changes wrought in Japan during the reign of the last Japanese emperor was that brought about by the abolition of the sumptuary laws. Fifty years ago no Japanese could eat a meal, ride in a conveyance or wear a garment without considering whether the law would be offended. Whatever a man's rank he might not have more than two kinds of soup and six of other eatables at his ordinary meals. Minute regulations were in force as to the quantity of liquor allowed at an official banquet, high dignitaries being limited to three cups and those of inferior rank to two. The use of sedan chairs by men was restricted to the aged and sick. A nobleman of the highest rank was not allowed to spend more than $40 on a dress for his wife, and the lower orders had to adjust their dress bills to a scale fixed according to their income.

Saved by a Cipher.

The story is told of how a neatly constructed cipher saved Sir John Trevanion's life. This cavalier was taken prisoner and locked up in Colchester castle to await his execution. On the second day of his confinement the jailer brought him a letter, which, as far as the warder of the castle could discover, was merely a note of condolence from a friend. But the letter had been concocted on a cipher to which Sir John had a clew. Every third letter after a punctuation mark of any kind was to tell. What he made out was this: "Panel at east end of chapel slides." On the following evening the prisoner begged permission to pass a quiet hour in prayer in the chapel. The request was granted, and before the hour had passed the panel had done its work and the bird had flown.

Victims of a False Prophet.

Just before the opening of the Kaffir rebellion in South Africa, about the middle of the last century, the sooth sayers bade the tribes kill their cattle and destroy their crops of grain. The spirits of their ancestors were to arise and help them to exterminate every white man in the country. The advice was solemnly accepted. When the day of the great uprising arrived many of the rebels were already starving. But there came no ghostly herds of cattle out of the earth, no crops not sown with hands. Grim, terrible famine swept over the land, and in the months which followed, although the authorities did everything in their power to mitigate its horrors, 30,000 victims of a false prophet starved to death.

Profaning Sacred Music.

There is not a church organist living who has not discovered the art of turning a ribald tune into a devotional voluntary by a slight change of time. Sullivan—himself church organist—turned the art to excellent account in the opening chorus of "Patience." For the first line of "Twenty Lovesick Maidens We!" is simply another composer's setting of "Hark, My Soul, It Is the Lord!"—London Chronicle.

Two Kinds of Insomnia.

"When Nan was engaged to Jack she didn't get enough sleep because she had to lie awake and think how much she loved him."

"Well?"

"And now their engagement is broken, and now she doesn't get enough sleep because she has to lie awake to hate him."

Obliging His Son.

Customer—I want to order a new suit for myself. Please measure my son. Tailor—Your son? Customer—Yes. You see, he wears my castoff clothes, and the rascal always complains they do not fit him!—Leslie's Weekly.

Satisfactorily Defined.

Willie—Pa, what is the meaning of the expression "touch and go?" Papa—It's very simple, my son. It means extreme speed and refers to the professional borrowers, who make a touch and go so fast you seldom see them again.

Hot Words.

First Deaf Mute—He wasn't so very angry, was he? Second Deaf Mute—He was so wild that the words he used almost blistered his fingers.—Pittsburgh Leader.

Beware of worrying about little things. It is the malady of happy people.

Red Bridal Gowns.

It is of interest to note that the choice of white for wedding gowns is comparatively of modern origin. The Roman brides wore yellow, and in most eastern countries pink is the bridal color. During the middle ages and in the renaissance period brides wore crimson to the exclusion of all other colors. Most of the Plantagenet and Tudor queens were married in that vivid hue, which is still popular in parts of Brittany, where the bride is usually dressed in crimson brocade. It was Mary Stuart who first changed the color of the bridal garments. At her marriage with Francis I. of France in 1558, which took place not before the altar, but before the great doors of Notre Dame, she was gowned in white brocade, with a train of pale blue Persian velvet six yards in length. This innovation caused a great stir in the fashionable world of that time. It was not, however, until quite the end of the seventeenth century that pure white, the color worn by royal widows, became popular for bridal garments.

Bruin Was Fishing.

I was walking up the river shore one evening about sunset watching for a deer. Rounding a bend, I saw perched upon a flat rock some few feet from shore a large black bear. I could not tell at first what he was doing. He was stooping down, with one paw in the water, waving it gently to and fro. I watched closely and saw, just beyond his reach, a large male salmon, so nearly dead that he could not swim. The bear was using his paw to create an eddy which would draw the fish within his grasp. Slowly the salmon drifted toward the rock. It was amusing to watch how carefully the bear moved his paw, so as not to frighten his prey. At last the fish came within reach. Bruin reached over, gave it a quick slap, seized it in his jaws and leaped ashore. The whole performance tickled me so that I let him go off, the salmon dangling in his mouth, without even taking a shot at him.—Charles Stuart Moody in Outing.

Pleasant Lessons In History.

Improvised historical plays form part of the history lesson in a London school. Children nine and ten years old act the battle of Hastings, boys representing William the Conqueror and King Harold leading parties of Normans and Saxons, respectively. Rulers serve as swords, and the armies advance and withdraw realistically. When the children take their seats after the combat the teacher asks them historical questions about the battle and the characters they portrayed. Among other plays presented are "The Siege of Calais" and "The Introduction of Printing Into England." In the latter play the king visits Caxton to see the printing press and have the process explained. Interest is maintained at high pitch despite the fact that there is no costuming and no stage setting, the printing press being represented by a plain wooden box.

Not the Real Thing.

From a city apartment little Jack was going for the first time to spend Christmas at his grandfather's farm. As he ran up the steps of the old house his grandmother caught him up in her arms and put him down, rosy and laughing, before the great log fire in the living room.

"Isn't that fine, Jackie, boy?" she said. "You don't have big log fires like that in New York, do you?"

The boy looked with wide eyed delight at the huge logs as they blazed and crackled in the generous old fireplace, but he was stanchly loyal to his "six rooms and bath."

"It's nice, grandma, but it's only an imitation gas log, isn't it? We have real ones in my house."—Lippincott's.

Her Simplicity.

A silly little lady had a husband, a lover of gayety, who was inclined to neglect his wife. This lady while spending the winter in Devonshire said one day at the country postoffice:

"Dear me, what a silly mistake you postoffice people have made!"

"How, madam?" asked the clerk.

"Why," she explained, with a titter, "here I have just got a letter from my husband, who is working hard in London, and the envelope is postmarked Monte Carlo."—London Queen.

Getting Round It.

She (complainingly)—Before we were married you used to bring me flowers almost every day, but now you never think of buying me even a bunch of violets. He (gallantly)—The pretty flower girls don't attract my attention so much as they used to. She—Oh, you darling! Never mind, I don't really care for flowers anyway.—New York Journal.

Not Murder.

Curran was one day walking with a friend, who, hearing a person say "curosity" for "curiosity," exclaimed, "How that man murders the English language!"

"Not so bad as that," replied Curran. "He has only knocked an 'i' out."

A Diplomat.

The Child—Mother, which had I better do, go to school in the rain and get soaking wet and probably catch cold and die or just simply get an absent mark against my name?—Exchange.

His Name Is Legion.

"What an exceedingly strenuous player he is!"

"Oh, yes. Bob's a deuced hard worker when he's not working!"—Puck.

There is no more perfect endowment in man than political virtue.—Plutarch.

A Wonderful Moss.

One of the most wonderful specimens of vegetable life known to the botanist is the "life moss" of Jamaica, Barbados and other of the West Indian islands. There are several species of tropical plants which have remarkable tenacity of life, but the "life moss" and the story of its vitality are almost beyond belief, its powers to live under adverse circumstances being certainly beyond that of any other known plant. It appears to be absolutely indestructible by any means except by immersion in boiling water or the application of a redhot iron to its roots and branching vines. It may be cut up and divided into infinitesimal particles, and then the very smallest shred will throw out roots and soon grow and form new branches and buds. Specimens of this extraordinary plant have been suspended in the air in a dry, hot room; they have been placed in close, air tight dark boxes, without moisture of any sort, and yet they lived, grew and flourished.

A Sundial That "Struck."

Paris is said to posses more sundials than any other city in the world. In the eighteenth century the sundial was popular in Paris. Every day at noon the sundial of the Palais Royal was the center of interest of an eager crowd. A writer tells of a "great crowd in the corner of the Palais Royal garden, standing motionless, with their noses in the air." Each was waiting for noon, having his watch in hand, ready to set at 12 o'clock. When the Duke of Orleans was altering the palace in 1782 the Parisians were much disturbed, thinking that they were to be deprived of their favorite sundial. But the duke not only preserved the sundial, but added to it a little powder magazine, which was so arranged that it exploded when the sunlight fell upon it, thus notifying every one who heard the explosion that the hour of noon had arrived. Later a cannon, which was discharged by the sun at noon, gave the signal.

Information Not Needed.

A middle aged woman went into a shop and without hesitation made straight for the crape counter. The girl who handled this funeral material was extremely affable.

"We have a large stock of crapes," she explained. "Let me show you some new French goods, very popular at this time for every kind of mourning and designed to express every degree of grief. If you will tell me for whom you are in mourning I can fix you out in exactly the right thing."

"Husband," replied the customer briefly.

"In that case," said the girl graciously, "I can tell you just what"—

"Young lady," interrupted the older woman angrily, "you needn't bother yourself. This is the fourth husband I've buried, and I know all about it."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Harlem In New York.

In 1636 there was a settlement at the foot of a little hill in New York city which the settlers called Slang Berge, or Snake Hill, but which is now called Mount Morris. As the settlement grew each Dutchman who lived there wanted to name it after his native town. But as each one had come from a different place in Holland they could not agree. Governor Stuyvesant made careful inquiries, and, finding that no one had come from Haarlem, he nipped all neighborly jealousies in the bud by naming it Nieuw Haarlem.

Anchoring a Lightship.

A very effective method is employed to keep a lightship always in practically the same position. The ship is moored by three anchors which rest in the sea bed in the form of a triangle. When the tide alters its direction the vessel, of course, swings with it, but only to a limited extent. The ship cannot change right over, as it would if only one anchor were used, for the three anchors each fix it in a different position and do not allow it to move more than a few yards.

The Boy's Mistake.

The teacher asked, "When did Moses live?"

After the silence had become painful she ordered: "Open your Old Testaments. What does it say there?"

A boy answered, "Moses, 4000 B. C."

"Now," said the teacher, "why didn't you know when Moses lived?"

"Well," replied the boy, "I thought 4000 B. C. was his telephone number."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Other One.

"What is the meaning of 'alter ego?'" asked the teacher of the beginners' class in Latin.

"The other I," said the boy with the curly hair.

"Give a sentence containing the phrase."

"He winked his alter ego."

She Works at Home.

Hicks—I understand Mrs. Bias has learned how to keep her husband at home. Wicks—Nonsense! Bias is out with "the boys" nearly every night. Hicks—You misunderstand me. I mean the work she does at home keeps him. She's a dressmaker, you know.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Economy a la Mode.

"There's an economical girl for you!"

"As to how?"

"Eats a five cent lunch every day."

"Yes; she's trying to save $30 to buy a new hat."—Pittsburgh Post.

The Sicilian tyrants never devised a greater punishment than envy.—Juvenal.

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Adds Healthful Qualities to the Food

Prof. Prescott, of the University of Michigan, testified before the Pure Food Committee of Congress, that the acid of grapes held highest rank as an article of food and he regarded the results from baking with cream of tartar baking powder as favorable to health.

Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.

JOHN A. HOY DEAD

Was Well Known Merchant at Waddle; Passed Away Monday.

John A. Hoy, well and favorably known all through the Buffalo Run valley and for years engaged as a merchant, Bellefonte Central and Adams Express Company agent at Waddle, died at 8.30 o'clock on Monday morning at his late residence at Waddle. The news of his death was received with the deepest sorrow by a wide circle of admiring friends. Mr. Hoy had not been feeling well for some time past, but he was seriously ill about one week only prior to his passing away. His death was due to a complication of ailments, lung trouble and an enlarged liver being the primary causes which led to a general breaking down of the system. While it was known that he was ill few realized that his condition was so serious. He was a genial, kindly, Christian gentleman and was held in the highest esteem by all with whom he came into contact, either in a business or social way. Rugged honesty was his standard in life and he enjoyed the confidence of all. Because of his many splendid qualities as a man and citizen he was universally liked and admired. Funeral services were held from the late home on Wednesday afternoon, interment being made at Pine Grove Mills.

The deceased was aged about 51 years and is survived by his mother, Mrs. Mary Hoy, of State College, also by his widow and the following children: Albert, of Pittsburgh; John, Wilbur, James, Harry, Mary, Bessie, Edith and Grace, at home. These sisters and brothers also survive: Mrs. John Snyder, Miss Maude Hoy and Joseph Hoy, of State College; Miles Otis Hoy, of Pine Hall; David Hoy, of Coleville, and Robert Hoy, of Tyrone.

James C. Gilliland Dead.

Following an illness of about three weeks, due to a general breaking down in his health, James C. Gilliland, a well known and greatly esteemed citizen, died at his late home at Oak Hall at 9.45 o'clock last Friday night. Funeral services were held on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, interment being made in the Branch cemetery. Mr. Gilliland was an elder of the Presbyterian church at Lemont and during his entire life was an active, consistent member of the church. Surviving to mourn his passing away are a widow and eight children, as follows: David, Sarah, Eliza, John and Alice, at home, Dr. Samuel, of Marietta, and Mrs. George Mitchell, of Lemont. Surviving also is one sister, Mrs. Hammon Sechler, of Bellefonte.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured.

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for for testimonials, free.

J. F. CHENEY CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, Price 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Don Gingery Married.

Don Gingery, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey J. Gingery, of Clearfield, was married at that place on Thursday evening of last week, his bride being Miss Anna Leavy, eldest daughter of Mrs. E. A. Leavy, of Clearfield. The groom is a well known traveling salesman. He is a nephew of D. J. Gingery, of Martha.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

John A. Halderman, Virgie A. Kaup,	Enola, Pa. State College
Paul R. Harper, Clara B. Cowher,	Rush Township Philipsburg
Lewis A. Beightol, Cora B. Frazier,	Nittany Centre Hall
Alex. B. Cromer, Eva H. Crissman,	Baldwinville, N. Y. Bellefonte
George B. Harris, Catherine Barto,	Philipsburg "
Thirman C. Wiser, Sarah E. Woodring,	Port Matilda " "

Mrs. Mary Crane Dead.

Mrs. Mary Crane, wife of George Crane, of Keystone Hill, Centre County, died at her home there on Sunday morning of last week at 1 o'clock. Death, which was due to a stroke of paralysis, claimed her in the 72nd year of her age. She was a native of Huntingdon county, having been born in Shaver's Creek Valley. Besides her husband, she is survived by three sons and a daughter, all residing in the vicinity of Keystone Hill.

Public Sale.

The personal property of the estate of Mrs. Fannie Carson, deceased, late of Patton township, will be disposed of at public sale on Saturday, December 14, 1912, by Thomas A. Hartsock, administrator. The several articles to be sold will include a bed room suit and other household goods. C. W. Hunter, auctioneer.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of Mrs. Fannie Carson, late of Patton Township, deceased.

Letters of administration in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County, Pennsylvania, all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenticated without delay to

THOMAS A. HARTSOCK,
Harry Keller, Att'y. Administrator.
11-21-6t. Stormstown, R. F. D.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store.

Eggs, per dozen	.35
Butter, per pound	.30

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.90
Wheat, red	.95
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.70
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.70
Oats, (per bu.)	.40
Rye, (per bu.)	.70
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

Wanted.

Young man or lady with influence, to represent established Florst, in Bellefonte, and State College. Apply by letter, "Florst" care this paper.—Advt.

Wanted.

In car load lots one million feet white pine in 4 quarter, 5 quarter, 6 quarter, and thicker. Address,

LUMBERMAN
11-27-4t. Lock Haven, Pa.

For Sale.

For sale at my Eagleville farm, Chester White brood sows, boars, shoats and pigs. Inqure of Samuel Kline on the farm.

F. W. CRIDER,
Bellefonte, Pa.

Penny-A-Word Column.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE—1912 Indian motor cycle; 7-h. p. twin; good condition; price reasonable. Inquire Henry T. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

FOR SALE—At my Eagleville farm, Chester White brood sows, boars, shoats and pigs. Inquire of Samuel Kline on the farm. F. W. CRIDER, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—3 high grade bull calves, 1 heifer calf, from 4 to 6 mo. old, sired by Thornwood Vale Posch Pietertje No. 52124 H. F. H. B.; bred to high grade Holstein Fresian cows, with a high milk and butter record.

ROBERT MUSSER,
Spring Mills, Pa.

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

G. H. Bulkley was a visitor in Tyrone on Monday morning.

D. M. Briggs was a business visitor to Bellefonte on Friday last.

W. H. Long was a business visitor to the county seat on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marius Miner were shoppers in Lock Haven on Tuesday.

Editor F. S. Dunham was a business visitor in Bellefonte the fore part of this week.

Mrs. A. D. Gladhill was a visitor among relatives in Tyrone on Saturday last.

Mrs. John Krape and daughter Helen were visitors in Mill Hall several days last week.

Miss Maude Keagle, of Avis, visited several days last week as the guest of Miss Emma Pletcher.

Miss Grace Tomb, of Jersey Shore, visited several of her Normal class-mates here last week.

Miss Sue Holter, of Curtin, visited relatives and attended the Union Services here on Thanksgiving.

Hon. John A. Woodward was a business visitor to Williamsport on Friday and Saturday of last waek.

The little Misses Esther Strunk, Marian Cooke and Anna Leitch were visitors in Bellefonte on Saturday.

Mrs. Clara Walker, father and son departed on Saturday for Waterville, where they will visit her sister for a few weeks.

Dr. W. J. Kurtz while in Bellefonte last Wednesday purchased a new Overland car, having disposed of his Oldsmobile.

Miss Josephine Maffiey took a vacation from her school work in Clearfield and visited her parents several days last week.

Miss Grace Schenck, of Milesburg, spent several days with her parents, including Thanksgiving and butchering day.

Benjamin Strunk, a one time resident of this place place, but now of Pittsburgh, is visiting relatives here this week.

Harry Muffley, a student of the well known Pennsylvania State College, visited his parents several days last week.

Mrs. Chas. Candy and son Russell, of Tyrone, visited several days last week with her sisters, Mrs. Shuman Holter and Mrs. N. G. Pletcher.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Bowes and two daughters, Louise and Kathleen, of Jersey Shore, were visitors last week among relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Butler and family were called to Milesburg on Saturday last on account of the funeral of Mrs. Butler's mother, Mrs. Zimmerman.

Lloyd Daughenbaugh, of this place, but at present a student in Potts School of Business at Williamsport, visited at his home over Thanksgiving.

A State game warden was in this vicinity on Tuesday and caught several persons who did illegal snare setting. They were given a hearing at Bellefonte on Wednesday.

Miss Lauretta Weber, who is teaching in the western part of the state at a place called Weedville, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Weber, the latter part of last week.

Mrs. John S. Holter and daughters, Margaret and Marian, of Johnsonburg, are visiting relatives here, having taken Thanksgiving dinner with her mother, Mrs. S. H. Bennison.

Lewis Bechdel, of Jacksonville, and Miss Cora Frazer, of Howard township, were quietly married at the Evangelical parsonage on Saturday evening by the Evangelical minister, Rev. M. J. Snyder.

The fore part of last week Joseph Schenck purchased himself a fine turkey for Thanksgiving and put it in his stable for safe-keeping. When the time came to prepare the bird for the anticipated feast it was no where to be found and a search was made over the nearby lots and farms. Meanwhile Mrs. Schenck had invited some friends to share Thanksgiving dinner, but was much chagrined to announce to her guests at the dinner table that the much-prized bird had escaped and that they would be compelled to accept a substitute. On Friday Mr. Schenck found his turkey lodged under the manger where it had hidden to escape the dog and was unable to release itself. The turkey dinner was accordingly served on the following Sunday.

Moshannon.

The State road is being rapidly completed.

Deer season is over. Now it is the season for dears.

Miss Jennie Walker and brother, John, are visiting their uncle at Coburn.

Allen Fry, who was out to the hunting camp, came home with a deer.

Mrs. Mary Walker and daughter were out to Pine Glenn to see Mrs. H. H. Fye.

James Deim and wife and child are visiting the former's mother in Lock Haven.

If anybody thinks it didn't rain on December 2nd let him ask A. J. Walker. He can tell you all about it.

Miss Bertha Walker, of Frog Hollow, is visiting with her uncle, who lives between Snow Shoe and Moshannon.

There is a bouncing, big baby boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fry. The young man arrived last week and thinks he will remain.

Mrs. Milford Yaundes has been very ill but she is much improved at this writing. Her many friends hope for her speedy recovery.

Read "The Republican $1 a year in advance.

Pine Grove Mills.

George J. Beahers and H. W. McCracken are both somewhat better.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Williams attended the J. C. Gilliland funeral on Tuesday.

Ira L. Burwell has suffered a relapse, but is somewhat improved at this writing.

Mrs. Emma Hess and daughter, Mrs. Sadie Shaffer, were Branch visitors last week.

Farmer Luther Strome is singing lullaby baby. Its a boy, to share Harry's playthings.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Krumrine and little ones were Sunday visitors at the D. P. Bloom home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Johnson, of Buffalo Run, were Sunday visitors at the W. E. Johnson home, on the General Beaver farm.

William Bradford and wife of the Red Mill, spent several days among their old neighbors here in the early part of the week.

Mrs. John E. McWilliams is very sick, suffering from an attack of pleurisy. Her condition has been such as to cause her family much concern.

After April 1st, 1913, Miss Nannie Snyder will reside in our town. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Louck will tenant their home and take her in charge.

Dr. J. C. Barr, of McElavey's Fort, is visiting his old friend and neighbor, G. W. McWilliams, who has been near the border line for some time past.

Mrs. Alice Buckwalter, of Lancaster, and Professor Samuel P. McWilliams, of Cannonsburg, were recently called home on account of the illness of their father.

W. A. Collins and Andy Lytle were among the rooters at the big game on Thanksgiving Day, when Penn State walloped the University of Pittsburgh.

William Fleming was here for a hunt on old Tussey and visited old friends before returning home. He is well pleased with his new home in Dixeyland.

On Thanksgiving Day H. M. Corl occupied his new home at Strubles. The same day Fred Williams moved into the Gertie Keichline home on East Main Street.

The Methodist Episcopal ladies will hold an Autumn Bazaar and festival in the I. O. O. F. hall on the evening of the 14th. It is for the benefit of the church. All come.

Ed. Decker and a party of friends came up from Bellefonte and spent Sunday at the J. A. Decker home on Main Street, where everybody gets a royal welcome and a square meal.

D. C. Krebs and wife enjoyed a drive over from State College on Sunday to have a chat with Wallace Krebs, Esq., who autoed over from Clearfield, but he had departed before their arrival. His mother, Mrs. Judge Krebs remained to attend the Henry Krebs funeral.

Among the friends from a distance who attended the Henry Krebs funeral on Monday were Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Meek, of Juniata; J. H. Musser and sister, of Tyrone; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sausserman and two boys, also John W. Hess, J. P. Wagner, G. C. Baur and Will Wagner, of Altoona.

Summing up the game on the heels of the hunt, not heretofore mentioned, the College hunters got 3 deer and a big catamount; the Modocks came in with 3 fine deer; N. T. Krebs shot a nice one grazing in a corn field near the J. C. Corl home at White Hall. A big buck with a doe got away. On the same Thursday young Guy Corman laid one low in one of their mountain fields, where he got mixed up in a wire fence.

Port Matilda.

Daniel Funk, of Tyrone, spent Sunday in town,

John Pringle and wife are visiting at Aaron Williams.

William Pringle, a grandson of S. R. Pringle, is in town.

Mr. Ida Kyle, of Altoona, visited her aunt, Mrs. Shope, on Friday.

Neil Ben and wife, of Tyrone, visited at H. C. Woodring's over Sunday.

Mrs. W. E. Williams and children spent Saturday at her home at Bald Eagle.

Miss Clara Meyers, of Julian, was seen in town Monday evening. Sam looked happy.

L. F. Williams, wife and children, of Altoona, were seen at the butchering at Mrs. Lytle's on Thanksgiving.

Mr. Eller and Mr. Lemon returned Sunday evening from a few days' visit with Mr. Eller's mother, at Newry.

Mrs. J. M. Graham and baby, Margaret, of Newton Hamilton, made a short visit at the home of her parents, O. C. Jones'.

Mrs. Eli Cowher and three daughters, of Osceola, returned to their home Sunday evening after spending a few days at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Miller, of Altoona, went home Saturday, after an enjoyable visit with Mrs. Miller's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Price.

Mrs. J. A. Williams enjoyed a trip to Philadelphia last week, sightseeing with her husband, who is at present stationed in that city with the Lippincott Company.

Prof. H. C. Rothrock spent the Thanksgiving vacation at his home in Boalsburg. He also attended the Blair County Institute at Hollidaysburg, one evening this week.

A Thanksgiving dinner was given at the home of Squire Reese. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Rabert, of Snow Shoe; Mrs. G. C. Woodring, of Tyrone; J. M. Williams and family and William Shultz and wife of this place were among those who participated.

Friday afternoon Mrs. John P. Williams, Mrs. Alice Cann and little son, Mr. George Harpster and daughter, Mrs. Meshech Williams, Ernest Spotts and wife and Philip Spotts departed for Philipsburg to attend the Spotts reunion, which was held at Hellers' on Saturday.

Mrs. Henry Bennett, who has been ill for some months, is not improving very rapidly. Some of her children who spent Thanksgiving at home were Mrs. John Griner and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Banks Heller, Leander and James all of Altoona.

Those who ate Thanksgiving dinner at Paul Weaver's were: William Weaver and mother, Mrs. Thomas Weaver of Tyrone; Mr. and Mrs. Rude Gingery, of Martha; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Laird, Miss Kate Gingery, Mrs. Henrietta Jones, Mrs. Guyer and son Gus, Mayme Laird and Ruth Cowher.

A shooting match was held on Thanksgiving at Kline's stave mill. Those who carried off turkeys were as follows: H. L. Shope, two; Quay Williams, two; Scott Crain, Williams Matz, Dewey Wills, Wilson Patton and Simon Harpster, each one. Another contest will take place Saturday at William H. Williams'.

Blanchard.

The Ira J. Bitner home in Beech Creek township is happy, a little girl baby having arrived there recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Peters, of Beech Creek township, are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little daughter.

Mrs. Nathan Swartz, whose home is in Niagara Fall, is enjoying a visit with her numerous friends in this community and also in Howard.

A large number of members from Blanchard Lodge, No. 427, I. O. O. F. attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Hayes Pletcher on Sunday morning. Nearly every member of Frances McGhee chapter, Daughters of Rebekah, of which the deceased was a member, was present. The death of Mrs. Pletcher was the first in the chapter since it was organized.

While Norris Harter was driving a team from the J. Edgar Bechdel livery at the DeHaas funeral there was an accident which might have resulted more seriously. He was attempting to turn his team in a narrow road and backed over the embankment down upon the railroad tracks. Fortunately the carriage did not upset, although the tongue was broken. One of the horses was slightly injured.

Hublersburg.

Elias Markle, of Bellefonte, has been visiting his sons in this town.

Mrs. Thomas Bitner spent last week with her sister, Mrs. G. F. Hoy.

Peter E. Evers and family spent last week at the home of Thomas Evers.

Franklin Carner, who is employed in Altoona, is home enjoying a short vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Tehl, of Howard, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Carner.

Dr. Shelly and wife have moved to Hublersburg, occupying the Miller property.

Benner Rumberger is visiting his son, Rhodes Rumberger, who is now located in Harrisburg.

Alton Deitrich, a student at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, is home on a vacation.

Miss Sarah Helpman, of Mackeyville, spent last week at the home of her sister, Mrs. Boyd Heckman.

Jacob Bergstresser and Miss McGinnis, of Altoona, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Bergstresser.

Mrs. Susanna Zimmerman Dead.

As a result of a second stroke of apoplexy suffered a few days previously, Mrs. Susanna Zimmerman died at one o'clock on the morning of Thanksgiving Day at her late home at Milesburg, death thus removing one of the oldest and most highly esteemed residents of that community. Funeral services were held from the Milesburg Methodist Episcopal church on Saturday afternoon at two o'clock. Interment was made in the Union cemetery in Bellefonte. A devout Christian woman, Mrs. Zimmerman had for sixty-one years been an active, earnest member and worker in the Methodist Episcopal church. Some months ago she suffered a slight stroke. On Sunday prior to her death she was seized with another attack and it was at once realized that her condition was critical. Conscious that her life work had been well done she patiently awaited the end and at the hour noted she closed her eyes in peaceful sleep. Before her marriage Mrs. Zimmerman was Miss Susanna Whitmer. She was born in Hartleton, Union County, and at the time of her death she was aged 72 years and 8 days. Her husband was James Zimmerman, who preceded her to the grave seventeen years ago. Surviving to mourn the loss of a kind and loving mother are these children: Calvin, of Milesburg; H. L., of Bollivar, N. Y.; J. W., of Berwick; William, of Karthaus; Mrs. A. M. Butler, of Howard; Mrs. Mary C. Fisher, of Unionville; Jennie, of Washington, D. C.; and Edith, at home. One brother and two sisters also survive: Mrs. Daniel Eberhart and Mrs. Margaret Baney, of Bellefonte, and William Whitmer, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Martha J. Campbell Dead.

Mrs. Martha J. Campbell, a highly esteemed resident of Punxsutawney, died at her late home at that place on Friday of last week. Funeral services were held on Monday, at noon. The deceased was aged 77 years and was the mother of Mrs. James K. Barnhart, of Bellefonte. Other surviving children are Misses Margaret and Cora and Dr. W. S. Campbell, all of Punxsutawney.

Read "The Republican" one dollar in advance

COURT IN SESSION

(continued from page 1)

Comm. vs. John Taylor, indicted for malicious mischief. Prosecutor, George W. Zerby. This case is from Potter township, and during the forenoon of September 19th last, an explosion took place along a private road near the residence of the prosecutor, whereby a small bridge and the fence of the prosecutor were destroyed. The testimony of the Comm. was entirely circumstantial, based on the purchase of dynamite by the defendant a few days previous to the explosion, and statements made by the defendant to different parties that if this bridge and fence were not removed what might happen. This, however, was denied by the defendant and his family, defendant denying the statements testified to and denying all knowledge of the explosion, while the Commonwealth's witnesses placed the defendant with his family near the scene of the explosion and about the time thereof on their way to the picnic. Jury out.

The Grand Jury made their final report on Wednesday afternoon and were discharged, the report in substance being that they passed on nine bills of indictment, eight of which were found to be true bills and one ignored. That the Court House was in good repair, that the floor in the dungeon and in cell No. 6 were in bad condition, and that some of the locks needed repairing. That the floor in the bathroom, the roof and spouting needed repairing, and some repairs to the plastering in the ceiling, and recommend papering the hall and parlor of the jail, and further that they had approved a county bridge in the Borough of Millheim.

After the jury was sworn in the next case which will go to trial Thursday morning, all jurors excepting those in the box and in the jury room were discharged.

Fourth Class Postmasters.

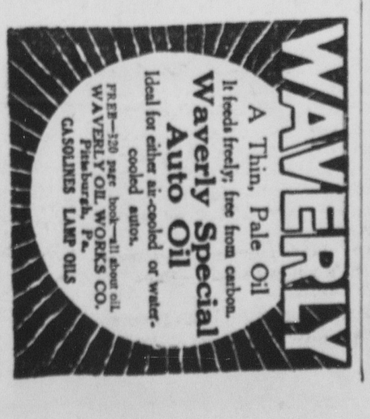
Representative Cordell Hull, who is described as "a Democratic leader of the House" at Washington, has issued a hectic statement in which he denounces President Taft's recent order placing 36,000 fourth class postmasters in the classified service. This order was supplementary to an earlier one, covering a portion of the country, to which no serious or organized protest was made. That was before the Democrats were in sight of government control, whereas the one to which Mr. Hull objects came, as he says, "on the very eve of the late general election, the result of which had not been in doubt." Wherefore it is proposed by Democrat patriots that the incoming President Wilson be urged to suspend the Taft order, which will be equivalent to extending the "pie counter."

It is impossible, of course, to fathom with certainty the purpose in President Taft's mind when he issued his cruel order—that is, cruel to Democrats; but Mr. Hull, should know, as the public does, that Mr. Taft has consistently frowned upon the patronage abuse and pleaded for expansion of the classified service. Besides it is possible that Mr. Taft found warrant for his action in this plank of the Democratic national platform of 1912:

The law pertaining to the civil service should be honestly and rigidly enforced to the end that merit and ability shall be the standard of appointment and promotion rather than service rendered to a political party.

Mr. Hull may interpret this expression as against President Taft's order, but even he cannot deny that if the order had not been issued the Baltimore declaration would have been held to be in favor of the merit system. Who shall say, then, that Mr. Taft did not anticipate the outcome of the election; that his desire to make Gov. Wilson's pathway smooth did not actuate him in classifying the 36,000, and that he did not find his sanction for so doing in the Democratic platform? The president-elect has been a college professor and authority on political economy to pitiful purpose if, upon entering the White House, he shall turn his back on the sarced principle of civil service reform. That would never do. The country has been led to believe that with the inception of a Democratic administration things will be different. It is difficult to imagine anything quite as different as complete repudiation of the Jacksonian doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils, but there is the platform! What Gov. Wilson apparently needs most in this crisis is to be saved from his partisan friends.—Pittsburgh Gazette Times.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year.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CHRISTMAS!

Will soon be here—Do your shopping early

Buy Sensible presents, such as a

Hot Water Bottle

Fountain Syringe,

Bottle of Toilet Water,

Hair Brush and Comb,

Shaving Set,

Toilet Set,

Baby Set,

Box of Paper and Envelopes,

Talcum Powder,

Handkerchief Extract--

We can suit you both in quality and price.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Mrs Hayes Pletcher Dead.

Following an illness of two years, Mabel, wife of Hayes Pletcher, died at her late home in Blanchard shortly after midnight last Thursday night. Her death was due to goitre. Mrs. Pletcher was aged about 33 years. She was a devout Christian woman and was highly esteemed by all who knew her. During the long period of her illness she bore her sufferings with beautiful fortitude and patiently awaited the final summons, happy in the knowledge that she would but pass into a better world. Funeral services were held from the late home on Sunday morning, conducted by Rev. Samuel J. McCracken, pastor of the Disciple church. Interment was made in the Baptist cemetery. Mrs. Pletcher was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bathurst, who survive, as do also her husband and these children: Eldred, May, Calvin and Allen. Three brothers also survive: Thomas and Cleon, at home, and Morris, of Pittsburgh.

FOR SALE—Good rubber-tire top buggy; in first class condition; is almost new. Inquire of Dr. E. S. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa.

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Work done by the hour or on Contract.

WILLIAM WOLF,
P. O. Bellefonte, Pa.

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25 Years From Now

40 Years From Now

YES

50 Years From NOW

What more pleasant to pull out a watch that MOTHER gave you, or that FATHER gave you.

The Good Ones Last

that length of time, and longer. We are very willing to show them in all sizes and styles for men and women. We also have endless articles that are just as good.

We invite correspondence, mail and 'phone orders. Selection packages sent upon request.

F. P. BLAIR & SON

We will gladly reserve any article you may wish until Christmas day.

A GENTLEMAN BURGLAR

He Played an Intricate Part

By MARY C. BLACKISTON

"Do you ever run across criminals who are masquerading as gentlemen?" I asked my friend Stigers, an old and experienced detective.

"We run across criminals of all grades. The common jailbird, of course, hasn't the education and refinement to mingle with gentlemen and ladies, but there are refined criminals, you know. Then there are valets and ladies' maids of good personal appearance who have the faculty of copying their masters and mistresses, who take advantage of this ability for the purpose of victimizing persons. I had one case wherein a common thief played the part of a gentleman, but he had been born a gentleman."

"Tell me about him. I am always interested in these cases of criminals passing under false colors."

"In the autumn of 189– I was sent to the residence of a Mr. Bradford," said Stigers, "that had been burglarized by one of those romantic fellows who leave notes on the dressing cases from which they have taken the jewels and otherwise indicate that they have been reading stories of the highwaymen of a couple of centuries ago. The robber had not only written a note, but had written it in rime and very cleverly, signing his effusion with the name of Handy Andy.

"What I was sent to the house for was to see if the fellow had left any clew. I found nothing but the jingle he had written, and since I had no other specimen of his handwriting it was valueless. But I preserved it, of course, trusting that the time might come when it would furnish a clew. It was not long before I got another specimen, for another house in the same neighborhood as the first was entered and another poetical effusion left on a sideboard on which the burglar had eaten a buffet supper, washed down with a glass of wine.

"Handy Andy went through a number of houses, most of them in the same locality, usually leaving his compliments to the persons he robbed. His handwriting and grammar indicated that he had been educated, and the manner in which he expressed himself smacked of the gentleman. One of his notes—in rime—was inclosed in quotation marks. I showed it to a number of persons with a view to finding out who was the author. I was advised to hunt for it in a dictionary of quotations. I got no satisfaction till I referred it to a professor of English literature in the — university, who showed me the lines in a poem of Alexander Pope. This led me to believe that Handy Andy was a scholar who had become run down and, being familiar with the deeds of Jack Sheppard and similar characters famous in English history, had taken to imitating them.

"One of the escapades of the rascal was to attend a social function given at the time. After the guests had departed one of the young ladies of the family found on a pincushion in her room a card from Handy Andy, on which he had written:

"Thanks for your enjoyable entertainment. I found the supper delicious, the wine excellent and enjoyed chats with three different guests very much, especially Bishop B.

"The lady's jewels were gone. Bishop B. had been one of the guests. He was asked to recall those he had talked with during the evening, but had spoken with so many that no information of value was elicited from him.

"These crooks who work in a certain locality don't keep it up very long, and I was anxious to nab this one before he left the field. About ten days after his chat with the bishop cards were sent out for a fashionable wedding. It occurred to me that Handy Andy's success in attending one function might lead to his going to another, and it was quite possible he would drop in at the wedding with a view to helping himself to some of the gifts. I concluded to go myself.

"The wedding took place in a church at 8 o'clock in the evening, and the guests were invited to the house at 9. I chose half past 9 for my appearance, when the guests had all assembled and before they had begun to depart. I found a throng, as I had expected, and the wedding presents laid out on a table in a room crowded with guests examining them. It occurred to me that there was a fine opportunity for any light fingered person to purloin some of the smaller gifts, which were at the same time the most valuable. If Handy Andy was not there he was very neglectful of his interests. I spent some time in the room, watching every one within range of my eyes, but saw nothing to excite the least suspicion.

"Proceeding to a room at one end of which the bride and groom were receiving their guests, I stood examining the physiognomies of different persons passing me. Two men stood near me chatting. One was a light haired man of about thirty, with glasses and a slight Irish brogue. The other was a tall, spare man with mutton chop whiskers.

"'I've often been in London,' said the latter, 'but have never got out to Oxford. I've always been abroad in the summer, and that's the vacation season, you know.'

"'I remain there usually in summer,' said the other. 'The next time you come over run out and see me. I'll be very glad to show you the colleges.'

"'Thanks. It would be interesting to be shown through them by one of the dons.'

"I had listened to a few minutes of conversation between them, when two ladies came along and stopped before them, one of the ladies introducing the other to the Oxford professor, the spare man bowing himself away. I remained to listen to what the professor had to say, and I confess his conversation was charming. He had just run over to have a look at America and had found it so interesting that he had overstayed his leave. He should be lecturing at his college instead of attending social functions beyond the Atlantic. He was booked to sail the next day.

"What it was that connected the professor in my mind with a burglar I can't imagine. Trifles do at times turn our thoughts, and I have fancied since that it might have been Handy Andy's clever verse, and more especially his having quoted an English poet who is seldom read except by scholars. Nevertheless the connection once made took root immediately. True, it was very remote, and I had no idea that there was anything in it, but I continued to keep the professor within touch.

"One thing about him that caught my professional eye was that he seemed to be uneasy and did not appear inclined to linger long with any one person or persons. He was helped in this by being favored with a number of introductions. After a brief conversation which all strove to turn upon his university he would make some excuse to pass on. Finally, taking out a handsome gold watch and glancing at the time, he said he must be going.

"I followed him upstairs and into the men's dressing room. Taking up an overcoat, he drew a cigarette case from a pocket, but instead of putting on the coat lighted a cigarette, took a few puffs, then threw it into an ash receiver.

"There were several men in the dressing room besides me and the professor, and I took care to busy myself, pretending to hunt for my own coat and hat, not letting him see that I was watching him. As soon as he had ceased to smoke he went downstairs. I followed him and saw him pass through several rooms till he reached the one where the gifts were displayed.

"He went about among a large number of persons, looking at the valuables, occasionally taking up some one of them for a nearer view. I noticed that those he took up were of small bulk. Presently he carried a brooch set with diamonds to a lamp on a table set in a corner of the room and with his back to the others present held it up to the light. After a close inspection he turned. In his hand was a plain gold bracelet, but no brooch. Returning to the table from which he had taken the brooch, he laid the bracelet on the table. By this I inferred that he had dropped the former in his sleeve.

"Whether he was an Oxford professor or Handy Andy I did not know, but one thing I knew—he was a thief.

"You may think that to take the man in was a very simple matter. On the contrary, the situation for me was delicate. I had come into the house without an invitation and was not known. Suppose I arrested the man, I would make a disturbance, he might get rid of his plunder, and in case he was what he purported to be where would I be? Besides, I had but little time. Wedding receptions are usually short lived, and my quarry might go away at any moment. The problem of taking him in with stolen property on him was as difficult as his discovery.

"I kept my eye on him and saw him leave the room, and I was confident he had with him his souvenir of the occasion. I followed him and, accosting him, said:

"'Professor, I should like to ask you a few questions about Oxford. I have a son who desires to take a course there.'

"He looked at me like one who scents danger.

"'I overheard you awhile ago talking about Oxford. That is how I know who you are,' I added.

"'I should be happy to give you any information about the university,' he said, 'and especially about my college, Brasenose, but unfortunately I am just going.'

"'So am I,' I replied. 'We'll go together.'

"He seemed to prefer going in my company to remaining and evidently did not suspect me. We went upstairs for our hats and coats, then out on to the street. I began my questions about the University of Oxford and continued them till we passed a policeman. Then, throwing open my coat and displaying a badge and calling to the cop for assistance, I clapped a pair of handcuffs on the professor's wrists.

"Well, he turned out to be Handy Andy and Handy Andy turned out to be the black sheep of a respectable Irish family living in Dublin. He had been a student at Oxford and had been quite prominent as such, but was caught in some disgraceful act and sent to America by his family, where he took to confidence work and later to burglary. He was sent up for ten years, but served only two, since he died of a disease contracted before he went to prison. For a common burglar he was the best educated man I ever had anything to do with. Indeed, it was his education that betrayed him. Had he not quoted a British poet I might not have associated the Oxford professor with Handy Andy."

Some Popular Quotations.

In spite of Scott's popularity few people remember that from "Old Mortality" we have "a sea of upturned faces," and Byron is never thanked for "flesh and blood can't bear it." The "most humorous and least exemplary of British parsons" is known to have thought "they order things better in France" and "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," but we seldom credit him with "I saw the iron enter into his soul." Yet that keen image of grief, so often on our lips, may also be found in the "Sentimental Journey." Cowper is comparatively little read, the immortal "John Gilpin" always excepted. Therefore we may be forgiven if the source of "hand and glove" or "her dear 500 friends" has slipped our memories. The same may be said of Rogers' "To know her was to love her," Congreve's "Married in haste and repent at leisure," Farquhar's "Over the hills and far away" and Southey's "March of intellect." Sir Philip Sidney, who was poet, philosopher and, best of all, hero, should share a better fate. How many can tell that it was he who first said in English, "God helps those who help themselves?"—Cornhill Magazine.

Flowers Instead of Boots.

M. Max Reinhardt, the famous producer of wordless plays, endured poverty in his youth, and of those lean years many stories are extant.

"Once in Berlin," said a German actor, "Reinhardt, who was playing with me in a cheap stock company, turned up at the theater with a magnificent mauve orchid in his buttonhole and on his feet a pair of atrocious boots with their soles tied on by means of twine.

"I ventured to take Reinhardt to task.

"'Tut, tut!' I said. 'To wear a costly flower like that, along with such shocking boots!'

"Reinhardt frowned and answered contemptuously:

"'For $3 I could buy a pair of commonplace, machine made boots in any shop in town, but for the same sum I can get at a florist's whom I alone know three of these marvelously beautiful orchids.'"

Funny Blunders.

The following is surely the funniest vote of thanks uttered for a long time. The speaker with evidently the best intentions in the world nervously floundered along through various sentences complimentary to the lecturer and finally flickered out feebly thus: "And so I propose a vote of thanks for the lecture to which we have so ably listened." The audience was so wearied that it did not notice the fatuous remark, and only the lecturer smiled.

It is fit to be placed beside another muddle headed sentence made in conversation to a north London clergyman. A man had been pressing his views energetically on a certain question when suddenly he paused and, looking at the clergyman, said briskly: "And now, sir, what is your humble opinion?"—London Tit-Bits.

Indian Names.

The finest Indian names are those which belong to the cloud clan. All these names are derived from meteorological phenomena. They are the hardest of names to translate from Indian into English. The great cloud clan Sioux, whose name was really Eclipse, was always known to the whites as Hole-in-the-Day. A certain cloud clan girl, whose name was derived from the beautiful phenomenon of the slow advance of the approaching rainclouds, was known to the whites as Walking Rain—a pretty name, but one requiring explanation to a tenderfoot.—Exchange.

Old Times In New York.

In 1789 New York city maintained an official who would whip a servant, either free or slave, for the master, charging a shilling for the job. Petty thieves were branded for life with a "T" on the cheek. Mrs. Johanna Young and another woman convicted of grand larceny were driven all over the city in an open cart, then stripped to the waist and given thirty-nine lashes apiece in public and then banished "whereupon," says the record, "they went to Philadelphia."

Neglect and Cruelty.

"So you want a divorce?" said the lawyer.

"Yes," replied the woman with tear stained cheeks. "He has been guilty of neglect and cruelty."

"In what respects?"

"He neglected to feed the bird while I was away and he says the cruelest things he can think of about Fido."—Washington Star.

His Choice.

"Are you fond of music?" asked a stranger of the young man at the concert who was applauding vigorously after a pretty girl had sung in a very painful way.

"Not particularly," said the young man frankly, "but I'm exceedingly fond of the musician."

In After Years.

Smith—When Green was courting that young widow a couple of years ago he declared he couldn't live without her. Jones—And did he marry her? Smith—Yes. And now he is trying to get a divorce on the grounds that it's impossible to live with her.—Exchange.

Quite Different.

He—But I thought you'd forgiven me for that and promised to forget it? She—Yes; but I didn't promise to let you forget I'd forgiven it.

The noblest motive is the public good.—Vergil.

The Democracy of Death.

In the democracy of the dead all men at last are equal. There is neither rank nor standing nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this fatal threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise, and the song of the poet is silent. Dives relinquishes his millions and Lazarus his rags. The poor man is as rich as the richest, and the rich man is as poor as the pauper. The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud man surrenders his dignities, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures. The invalid needs no physician, and the laborer rests from unrequited toil. Here at last is nature's final degree in equity. The wrongs of time are redressed, injustice is expiated, the irony of fate is refuted, the unequal distribution of wealth, honor, capacity, pleasure and opportunity which makes life so cruel and inexplicable ceases in the realm of death. The strongest there has no supremacy, and the weakest needs no defense. The mightiest captain succumbs to that invincible adversary, who disarms alike the victor and the vanquished.—John J. Ingalls.

Beauty Five Centuries Ago.

They have dug up an old beauty book in Italy, published 500 years ago, which laid down the following rules of the game:

"To be beautiful," says the work, "the women must have the following: Three white things—skin, hands and teeth. Three black things—eyes, eyelashes and eyebrows. Three pink things—lips, gums and nails. Three long things—life, hands and hair. Three short things—teeth, ears and tongue. Three wide things—forehead, shoulders and intelligence. Three narrow things—waist, mouth and ankle. Three delicate things—fingers, lips and mind. Three round things—arm, leg and dowry."

Things haven't changed so much in five centuries, have they? Or, let us say, that woman's beauty is immortal and immutable.—Albany Times-Union.

A Thoughtful French Wife.

Weary of life, a farmer went out to his barn and hanged himself. A little later his wife, entering the barn to feed some animals, saw her husband swinging from the rafters. Arguing that if, as it was natural to think, her husband intended to commit suicide he would be exasperated by the frustration of his intention, she left the body as it was and went on with the work of the farm. Several hours later in the evening, when her daughter came back from the fields, the woman told her what had happened. Mother and daughter deliberated for some time as to what ought to be done and finally decided to inform the mayor. When that official came in haste and cut down the body life had been extinct for several hours.—London Telegraph.

A Bird Performer.

Canaries and other tame birds are sometimes taught to perform tricks, but it always has been regarded almost an impossibility to train a wild bird. Andrew Hume, the famous Scotch bird lover, trained one of the wildest of Scotch birds to perform all sorts of remarkable tricks—to jump and keep time with the skipping rope, to perform on the slack and tight rope, climb an upright rope, stand on top of a running carriage, draw cards out of a box, mount a ladder and ring a bell, go round a wheeling stair step by step and fly to its owner's head when called upon.

Ingratitude.

When Lord B. died a person met an old man who was one of his most intimate friends. He was pale, confused, awe stricken. Every one was trying to console him, but in vain.

"His loss," he exclaimed, "does not affect me so much as his horrible ingratitude. Would you believe it? He died without leaving me anything in his will—I, who have dined with him at his own house three times a week for thirty years!"—Life.

Sad Case.

Son—I came across a very sad case this morning, father. I pitied the man with all my heart. Father—What was it, my son? I am pleased to know you show so much sympathy for the poor. Son—There was a deaf and dumb man begging in the High street who had an impediment in his speech. Father (crossly)—Impossible. Do not expect me to believe such nonsense. Son—It is the truth, father—he had a finger off.

In Boston.

"No doubt she's very charming in her way, but I can't remember when I've seen a person of pretensions so lacking in culture."

"Dear me, what has she done?"

"Why, she persistently and invariably neglects to sound the 'd' in 'iced tea.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Good and Evil.

Accustom yourself to submit on every occasion to a small present evil to obtain a greater distant good. This will give decision, tone and energy to the mind, which thus disciplined will often reap victory from defeat and honor from reproach.—Colton.

The Mind.

Little Elois—What is the mind, Elmer? Little Elmer—The mind is something that turns round and round in your head and makes up stories.—Chicago News.

Too Modest.

Mrs. Jinks—Bingor says their baby is the smartest in the United States. Jinks—Why doesn't he claim the European rights too?—Outlook.

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The American Girl

Why Her British Sister Can't Compete With Her

By F. A. MITCHEL

Two gentlemen were sitting together in the Carleton club in London smoking and sipping the beverage before them, the topic of conversation falling upon the American women who were then beginning to capture scions of nobility in England.

"How do they do it?" asked one, a burly man with mutton chop whiskers.

"They've got so much in 'em," replied the other, a tall man with a drooping blond mustache.

"Have you ever had any experience with them?" asked the burly man.

"Experience? Well, I should think so," said the other with a smile that indicated he could tell a story if he would. Then, setting down the glass he was sipping from, he turned to his friend and added, "It's all past and gone now, and I can't see how any harm can come from my telling you about it."

"About what?"

"That's what I'm going to give you, but I mustn't begin at the wrong end, you know. It happened when I first went into the diplomatic corps and was attached to the Paris legation as secretary. At that time the eyes of the powers were concentrated on Egypt and the Suez canal. Our government wanted to get its hands on it in order that it might maintain a supremacy in Egypt as well as in maritime affairs, both merchant and navy. But it wasn't a case of grabbing things as we'd been used to doing—that is, signifying a wish to open trade with a people, then getting them in debt to us, then send in a few war vessels to collect the debt, then assume a protectorate to see that the thing didn't occur again. Oh, no! It wasn't any such simple case as that.

"Well, the premier and all the cabinet here were thinking and scheming as to what kind of a trick could be played to get control of the canal and yet keep within the law of nations. One morning my chief, the ambassador, sent for me in hot haste, and when I appeared he locked all the doors, closed all the windows and whispered in my ear:

"'There's a large block of stock of the Suez canal offered for sale. The German embassy has got hold of the fact, and Count von Sterlitz, one of its best men, will start for Berlin on the 6 o'clock train to inform his government of the fact in order that it may buy this controlling interest. I am going to rely upon you to delay him while I send a man across the channel to represent the matter to the premier in London, that he may make the purchase for England. Now, gather your wits and go to work. I know you have a genius for such matters and won't fail me.'

"This last was taffy, you know, and the ambassador only said it to spur me on.

"'Have you been informed how Von Sterlitz will travel?' I asked.

"'I have. My informant got it from his valet. The count has told the valet to have a grip with toilet articles ready for him at 5 o'clock and to call a cab off the street at 5:30.'

"'Very well; I will do the best I can in the matter, but you have given me a very delicate job to perform. Let us hope for the best.'

"It was then 11 o'clock in the morning, and I had made an engagement to lunch with Miss Alice Stringfellow, an American to whom I had been paying some attention, which I flattered myself had not been disagreeable to her. I left the embassy intending to send her word that I was unable to keep my appointment when it occurred to me in my perplexity that a woman in a matter of duplicity is worth a dozen men, and, calling for a cab, I drove straight to her house.

"I had nothing to fear in giving her my confidence, for she was not involved in diplomatic chicanery and the United States was not especially interested in the Suez canal. At any rate, I threw caution to the winds, told her what I had been directed to do and begged her for heaven's sake to give me an idea.

"'It is now 11:30,' she said, glancing at a clock, 'and you have but six hours to form a plan and execute it—that is, if you intend to prevent the count's reaching his train. I think this should be done if possible. If not some one must go with him, trusting to find an opportunity to delay him on the way or from communicating with his government on his arrival at the capital.'

"'Good gracious!' I exclaimed. 'You have got it in a nutshell!'

"I was so bewildered myself that the rapidity and clearness with which her brain worked astonished me. I sat gaping at her while her fair brows were drawn together with intense thought. Presently she arose and paced the floor, still thinking. It was half an hour before she spoke, I all the while sitting like a dunce waiting for her to solve the problem.

"'Suppose,' she said, suddenly pausing in her walk and turning to me 'that I can suggest a way of kidnaping the count. Do you know of any place where you can take him and keep him for awhile?'

"This gave me something definite to think about, and I concentrated my mind on it, but to no purpose.

"'Never mind,' said my counselor; 'you can take him anywhere, for if my plan is carried out it won't make much difference so long as you take him where he will not be known. Now listen.'

"She gave me her plan. I didn't have much confidence in being able to carry it out and told her so, whereupon she said that the principal part of any plan was the ability with which it was executed. I left her that I might make the arrangements she suggested, hoping that I would be able to do so in the brief time allotted. My adviser promised to be on hand and do all she could to prevent any slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.'

"At 5 o'clock, dressed in the plain livery of a cabman and my face made up, I drove my cab to a point near the ambassador's house and waited. Cabs were passing, some empty, some with a fare inside. I had maintained my position for some time when the door of the count's residence opened and his valet came out bareheaded and looked up and down the street. As ill luck would have it, an empty cab was passing and nearer to him than I. He hailed the other cabman.

"I was in an agony of disappointment when a lady appeared—I knew not from whence—and called the cabman the valet had hailed. He pulled up to the sidewalk, and the lady got into his cab, leaving my vehicle the only one in sight. The valet beckoned me, and I drove up to the door of the count's abode.

"In ten minutes Von Sterlitz appeared, carrying his own grip. His valet opened my cab door for him and told me to drive to the station. I drove away feeling that the principal crisis was past, and my heart was full of thankfulness to Miss Stringfellow, whom I recognized as the lady who had turned the scale in my favor by taking the other cab.

"During the afternoon I had purchased my vehicle, including its driver's clothes, and it had been delivered at a stable where I kept my horses. I had secured a short rubber tube and, having bored a hole in the cab just back of the driver's seat, had introduced one end of the tube into the cab. On the other end was a rubber bulb, in which had been placed a substance I had purchased from a chemist which, blown into the carriage would render the occupant temporarily insensible.

"Purposely driving through a street but little used for a thoroughfare, I pressed the bulb. I heard the count try to let down a window, but I had driven a nail in both window frames, so that neither could be moved. He cried out to me to stop and tried to open the door, but I had employed a locksmith to alter the lock, so that it could not be opened from the inside.

"The count's efforts soon ceased, and I whipped up my horse, driving straight to a retreat for invalids I had in mind, and on reaching it told the physician in charge that I had picked up a fare who had acted very strangely and on opening my cab door I had found him insensible. The count was carried into the building and put into a room, where the doctor sought to revive him. Before he succeeded I said:

"'Doctor, when this gentleman comes to himself you're not going to turn him loose, are you?'

"'Not till we know who he is.'

"'He told me a wild story about being in the employ of the German government, and I think he's crazy. If you let him go without summoning his friends to take him away you'll do it on your own responsibility.'

"'Never fear. I'll exercise a proper caution.'

"By the time I left the retreat the evening train had started for Berlin, and there was no other till early morning. I drove to my stable, assumed my proper clothing and hurried to the residence of Miss Stringfellow. I had been half in love with her for some time, and in the exuberance of my gratitude and admiration I told her that if I couldn't go through life with her for a companion I would not go through it at all. That's the way the American girl plays her game."

"That's all right," said the burly man, "but how about the controlling interest in the Suez canal?"

"Count Sterlitz didn't succeed in getting out of the retreat till about noon the next day and couldn't get a train for Berlin till 6 o'clock in the evening. Meanwhile the morning after I had done my work the premier was awakened before daylight to be told that the stock was for sale, and, getting out of bed, he consummated an arrangement to buy it. It was duly purchased, and today, though England has no treaty rights above other powers in the Suez canal, she owns a controlling interest in it."

"And your wife was"—

"Miss Alice Stringfellow, and you are the only man outside diplomatic circles who knows that England's interest in the canal was obtained through the ingenuity of an American girl. My marrying her gained me the post I so long occupied at Washington, and my whole advancement in the corps is due to her."

"Did Von Sterlitz ever discover who had kidnaped him?"

"Not except that it had been done by some one in the interest of the British ambassador. We guarded the secret carefully, for it would never do for a British diplomat to be known as descending to act the part I played. It would have been all right to hire some one to do it, but for a secretary of legation to play cabman would not accord with the dignity of the British nation."

Peers and Beers.

The Percy family of England—the family of the dukes of Northumberland—preserves in its archives the Northumberland household book, a kind of steward's journal that is chiefly remarkable for its account of the incredible quantity of liquor our ancestors consumed.

Back in the middle ages, before the Prohibition movement began, the Earl and Countess of Percy, the Northumberland household book states, drank with their 7 o'clock breakfast a quart of beer and a quart of wine. For dinner, at 10 o'clock, they drank a gallon of beer and two quarts of wine. At supper they drank two quarts of beer and two quarts of wine, and at "livery," a meal which was served in the bedroom at 9 o'clock in the evening, they drank a gallon of beer and a quart of wine. That is to say, provided that the Earl and Countess of Percy drank fair, each consumed daily five quarts and a pint of beer—say, twenty-two glasses apiece—and six quarts of wine—say thirty glasses apiece, claret size.

When It Rained Stones Eleven Days.

There are hundreds of well authenticated accounts of stones falling from the skies, from the mysterious regions of the great sea of space, but such "falls" have usually been singly or, at the most, in small showers. According to a legend told by the Arabs of the Sahara, there was a time in that portion of the dark continent when pebbles and fine sand literally rained from above for several days, covering the earth to a depth of many feet. In fact, they claim that the great desert did not exist prior to the time when this great shower of aerolites came. In Jenckyn's "Trip to Ye Burning Sandes of Africk" the following is told under the head "Another of God's Wonders:" "Moreover, the natives of these parts say that it once rained small stones and sandes for a period of eleven days and nights. Much fertile land and many towns and thousands of animals and human beings were thus buried up."

The Worst Yet.

Johnny handed the following note from his mother to the teacher one morning:

"Dere Teecher—You keep tellin' my boy to brethe with his diafram. Maybe rich children has got diaframs, but how about when there father only makes $1.50 a day and has got five children to keep? First it's one thing then it's another, and now it's diaframs. That's the worst yet."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Has a Right to Be Resentful.

"I don't mind having my trousers, my coat, my necktie, or even my collar splashed with mud by an automobile," says a South Broad street man. "But when the motorcar spatters my spectacles so that I can't see to dodge the next one I think I have a right to feel resentful."—Newark News.

Force of Habit.

Merchant (to clerk)—This won't do. Every time you see a "6" you call it a "2." What is the matter with you—nearsighted?

Clerk—No, sir; it's a matter of habit. Used to work in a ladies' shoe shop.—London Tit-Bits.

Only Way to Speak.

The only way to speak the truth is to speak lovingly. Only the lover's words are heard. The intellect should never speak. It does not utter a natural sound.—Thoreau.

Needed Cranking Up.

Rose—You had to give Clarence a hint before he'd propose, eh?

Lily—Y-yes; he didn't seem to be equipped with a self starter.—Chicago Tribune.

Those days are lost in which we do not good, those worse than lost in which we do evil.

Easy.

"The doctors have finally decided what caused Smith's illness."

"Had a consultation, eh?"

"No; autopsy."—Judge.

What is celebrity? The advantage of being known to people who don't know you.—Chambort.

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Button Leads To Arrest.

Particles of a broken button found on the window sill of the home of George Kreider, in Reading, which was robbed several nights ago, led to the arrest of Charles X. Wert, a young man of that city, who calls on a girl who lives with Mr. Kreider, her uncle. Wert called to see his friend and left about 11 o'clock. The same night the Kreider home was entered and $25 stolen. Wert was taken into custody last Saturday night at the house the alleged crime is supposed to have been committed. The authorities declare that the pieces of button found on the window sill tally with the parts remaining on the coat sleeve of the garment worn by the suspect. West, who bears an excellent reputation, strenuously denied the charge. He promptly furnished bail for a hearing.

Read "The Republican $1 a year in advance.

Failed to Report Glanders.

The State Livestock Sanitary Board through its secretary, Dr. C. J. Marshall, state veterinarian, has ordered the prosecution of Dr. Lewis Dreisbach, a veterinarian, located at Schuylkill Haven, Schuylkill county, on the charge of violating theAct of March 30,1905, by not reportingto the state officials cases of dangerousinfectious diseases of animals.

The law requires veterinarians immediately upon gaining information of the existence of any dangerous infectious diseases among animals to report same to the state veterinarian. It is charged that Dr. Dreisbach failed to report several horses affected with glanders. This is an extremely dangerous disease for the reason that it is easily trasmitted to man, as well as to horses and mules. Glanders is an incurable disease.

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You can get for the money. Then see

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for Fire, Accident, Health, Steam Boiler, Employers Liability and Plate Glass Insurance.

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Bellefonte, - - - - - Penna.

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Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoating and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast (Not the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

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H. C. Quigley,
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Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Harry Keller,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale,
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Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

J. Thomas Mitchell,
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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1904 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	† 6.30	† 10.15	† 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	† 6.38	.....	† 2.12
	Stevens	† 6.43	.....	† 2.17
	Hunters Park	† 6.46	.....	† 2.21
	Fillmore	† 6.50	† 10.34	† 2.24
	Briarly	† 6.55	.....	† 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	† 7.12	.....	† 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Struble	† 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	† 7.21	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop Flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	† 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	† 7.49	.....	.....
	Struble	† 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	11.50	† 5.03
	Krumrine	† 8.07	.....	† 5.00
	Waddles	8.0	1.10	† 5.25
	Briarly	† 8.4	.....	5.27
	Fillmore	† 8.8	1.18	† 5.35
	Hunters Park	† 8.31	.....	† 5.40
	Stevens	† 8.35	.....	† 5.45
	Morris	† 8.37	.....	† 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	1.30	† 5.58
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	1.50	† 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 2 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to Its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

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PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE, & EFFECTIVE 50c & $1
DRUGGISTS, OR 95 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

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FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Here and There.

Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell is visiting with friends in Pittsburg.

Do your Christmas shopping early at Green's. Advt.

Thomas Beaver was a visitor in Pittsburgh over Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. A. E. Canfield is visiting with her sister, Mrs. W. C. Stoddart, in Wyncote.

Hayes Schenck and young son, of Howard, were business visitors in town this week.

Misses Elizabeth and Mary Blanchard returned home on Saturday night from Philadelphia.

A bottle of perfume, when it is right in quality, makes an appropriate gift. We have it—Green's. Advt.

The First Quarterly Communion of the year will be observed on Sunday next at the United Brethren church.

A. C. Brown, of Freeburg, visited over Sunday with Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Winey. Mr. Brown is a brother of Mrs. Winey.

Dr. M. J. Locke transacted business in Philadelphia last week, and while in the city took in the Cornell—University of Penna. football game.

Thomas Moore, of Philadelphia, who was out in the mountains for ten days with the Panther Hunting Club, returned home last Saturday night.

Miss Helen Ceader and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh N. Crider visited over Thanksgiving Day in Pittsburgh, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bergstresser.

Mrs. Charles E. Dorworth and little son, Charles E. Jr, returned home last Saturday night after a visit of ten days in Elizabeth, N. J., and Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Hoy, of Lemont, transacted business in town last Satuaday, and took dinner at the home of their son, Ray Hoy, on Water Street.

Henry C. Quigley was in Phiiadelphia last Saturday for the Army—Navy football game. It is estimated that 32,000 persons witnessed the contest, which was won by the Navy, 6-0.

The Wallace Cigar Store wishes to announce that samples of Cigars, Pipes and Candies will gladly be delivered to homes for selection upon request. Telephone calls promptly attended to.—Advt.

Penn State College defeated the University of Pittsburgh football eleven, 38—0, on Thanksgiving Day, thus closing the season without losing a single game and scored against but once, this in the game with Cornell.

Ira Krape, who has been living on Curtin Street, and while here has been in the employ of Frank E. Naginey, has moved his household goods to Enola, nearby Harrisburg. He is now employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

A very genial and welcome caller at "The Republican" office on Tuesday was Henry Rossman, of Tusseyville. His mission in town was to transact some business on hand and while at this office he very kindly advanced his subscription to this paper for another year.

County Register Frank Smith is back at his desk at the Court House after a most enjoyable hunting trip in the Seven Mountains. He had the satisfiaction of bagging a four-prong deer. The Centre Hall party, of which he was a member, brought down six deer, all told.

A moving picture show operator was in Lock Haven this week, securing views of citizens, scenes about town, etc., which will later be exhibited throughout the State. The same operator is visiting other interior towns on a similar mission. Lock Haven business men gave the plan hearty support, figuring that it would prove a good advertisement for the town.

Bellefonte and State College friends of Captain Walter B. McCaskey will be interested to learn that he was recently detached from the Twelfth Infantry, United States army and assigned to duty as a construction quartermaster with a residence on Alcatraz Island, a government presidio in the bay at San Francisco. His duties will have largely to do with the construction of government buildings for the Panama exposition.

A rare treat is in store for lovers of music in Bellefonte. On Tuesday evening, December 12th. the Ithaca Conservatory of Music Concert Company will give an entertainment in the Lutheran church, at 8.30 o'clock. Those who have heard this company pronounce it to be exceptionally fine, and assure all who attend the entertainment here that they will be favored with an evening of enjoyment. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the church.

Bear in mind that Red Cross Seals may be purchased from Miss Helen E. C. Overton, who is the representative in Bellefonte. The proceeds are for the anti-tuberculosis movement, a worthy cause, indeed. Miss Overton does not share in the proceeds, her services being entirely free. This fact is mentioned merely by way of explaining that every penny realized by the sale of the seals is devoted to the work of stamping out the white plague. If you have not purchased your seals you should communicate with Miss Overton without further delay.

Albert Hoy, son of the late John A. Hoy, was home from Pittsburgh this week to attend his father's funeral. He was in Pittsburgh when he received word on Sunday telling of his father's serious condition. It so happened that he was able to board the special train carrying the State College students home from that city, and in this manner he was arrived home in time to find his father still alive. Had he been compelled to wait until the next regular train home he could not have arrived until several hours after the time his father passed away.

George Runkle, a former Bellefonte boy who was until some months ago in command of the schoolship "Saratoga," and more recently in the Pullman service, has decided to return to sea duties and will next week take an officer's position on a freight line between Norfolk and Boston. His new position is regarded as a most desirable one and this fact had much to do toward luring George away from shore duties. He is regarded as exceptionally well qualified as an officer and his friends are confident that he will be in command of a boat within the coming year.

Emory McAfee, of Stormstown, was a juror in court this week.

Lawshe Baird, of Osceola, was in town this week, doing duty as a juror in court.

David J. Gingery, of Martha, was in town this week, doing duty as a grand juror.

Walter H. Cohen, manager of Claster's, transacted business in Huntingdon on Tuesday.

Our good friend, J. D. Decker, is in town this week doing duty as a jury commissioner.

Mrs. Ambrose Sloteman, of Lock Haven, visited with Bellefonte friends on Saturday.

A choice line of toilet articles from which to select your Christmas gifts—at Green's. Advt.

The Crider Exchange building has recently been repainted, adding greatly to its appearance.

Do not wait until the best is gone. Let us help you select an appreciable gift. Wallace Cigar Store. - Advt.

Miss Jennie Longacre, one of the efficient teachers of the Bellefonte public schools, visited over Thanksgiving Day with friends in Altoona.

Mrs. W. D. Engle, who visited here for several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell, returned this week to her home in Indianapolis.

James H. Potter, Frank Crawford and Edward R. Owens, of the Potte.-Hoy Hardward Co. on Monday attended the funeral of the late Henry Krebs, at Pine Grove Mills.

Misses Henrietta and Mary Quigley, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Quigley, visited several days last week with Mr. and Mrs. George F. Hess, in Beech Creek.

At a luncheon at the home of the bride-to-be, in Pittsburgh on Thanksgiving Day, announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Millicent Prince and Thomas Beaver, of Bellefonte.

The funeral yesterday of the late John A. Hoy of Waddle, was held under the auspices of the Bellefonte lodge of Masons, a delegation from the lodge going to State College on the afternoon train.

The Basket Shop will hold a special Christmas sale in Petriken Hall, Dec. 14th to Dec. 21st. Open all day and Wednesday and Saturday evenings. The Baskets range in prices from 25cts to $2.00.—Advt.

In our issue of last week we stated that J. Linn Harris and W. T. Kelley had raised $500 among the business men of the town toward making repairs on the Lingle foundry. The amount collected was $1000.

W. H. Macker, the green grocer, last week had himself declared a voluntary bankrupt. He attributes his business troubles chiefly to inability to realize on a number of car loads of apples shipped to city markets. The store is closed.

The Parent Teachers Association will hold a free social, after an interesting programme at the High School Building, on Tuesday evening, December 10th to which all parents and their friends are cordially invited.

MRS. GEORGE HAZEL, Sec'y.

John Decker, a State College graduate and now holding a fine position in Detroit, Michigan, was in Pittsburgh for the Penn State—University of Pittsburgh football game on Thanksgiving Day. He was accompanied by his wife. They came to Bellefonte after leaving Pittsburgh and visited over Sunday here with Mr. Decker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Christ Decker, of East Linn Street.

The Bellefonte Academy football eleven closed a most successful season on Thanksgiving Day, by defeating the Steelton High School eleven, at Steelton, 21—14. The game was witnessed by a large crowd. Loucks, for the Academy, made a touchdown after a run of 85 yards. The Harrisburg "Telegraph," speaking of the game, said that Carpenter, at centre, put up a wonderful game for the Academy.

Last week Mrs. Frank McCoy, her daughter, Miss Anna McCoy, and Miss Kate D. Shugert were in Philadelphia attending to some shopping, when Miss Shugert was suddenly taken ill. The attending physician ordered her removed to the Pennsylvania hospital for an operation for appendicitis. The operation was performed on Monday and at this time she is reported to be resting comfortably and recovering as rapidly as could be expected.

A pretty wedding was solemnized on Thanksgiving Day morning at State College. The contracting parties were Miss Virgie Knup, of that place, and John Halderman, of Harrisburg. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Horn, pastor of the Reformed church. Immediately following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Halderman came to Bellefonte, where a delicious wedding dinner was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Owens, the latter being a sister of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Halderman departed on the early afternoon train for a honeymoon tour to Atlantic City, Vineland, N. J., and New York. On their return they will reside at Enola, nearby Harrisburg where their newly furnished home awaits them.

One of the finest memorial addresses ever delivered in Bellefonte was that on Sunday afternoon, last, at the Petriken hall, by Hon L. S. Waters, of Mt Carmel, a former Judge of Northumberland County. The occasion was the annual memorial service of the Bellefonte Lodge of Elks and the auditorium was thronged by representative citizens of the town. Judge Waters was secured as the memorial orator mainly through the assistance of Charles R. Kurtz, editor of the "Centre Democrat." Mr. Waters and Mr. Kurtz were students at Bucknell University. While in Bellefonte Mr. Waters was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Kurtz. Special music was rendered at the memorial services and the names of the departed members—Joseph Barnes, Jenkin David and Hon. John G. Love—were recalled with beautiful tributes. Mr. Waters in his address dwelt upon the fine, worthy teachings of Elkdom, emphasizing that all members who live up to these teachings are made better men and citizens. His remarks at times appealed to the keenest sympathies of many of his hearers and all present closely followed his address to the close. Those who had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Waters in a social way following the services were more than pleased with his genial personality.

James B. Cook visited over Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook, on West Linn Street.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes 25 and 50c. at all stores.—dvt.

Mrs. James K. Barnhart, who has been in Punxsutawney attending the funeral of her mother, the late Mrs. Martha J. Campbell, will return home on Saturday, next.

We know what HE smokes and enjoys. Call over Commercial phone and have samples delivered to your home for selections. Wallace Cigar Store. Under 1st. National Bank.—Advt.

Ex-Senator William C. Heinle, for many years a school director in Bellefonte, on Thanksgiving evening entertained the several public school teachers at dinner at his home on East Bishop Street.

Dewey Shuey and Thomas Butler, two young men from Howard, were given a hearing before Squire Musser a day or two ago on the charge of illegal fishing. The charge was brought by a game warden. Both young men were discharged owing to a lack of evidence.

About the size of your shoes, it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Every, where, 25c. Sample FREE. Address. Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.—Advt

DEAR SIRS:—There's a box of Samose-Chocolates down in our store room waiting for a word from you. Call and see my line of Christmes Goods—Fine box goods—Samoset Candies, and a full line of imported nuts, also a full line of fruits of all kinds. We have a complete line of pipes and cigars for the Christmas trade. Call and see me near the Penna. Railroad passenger station.
12-5-4t—Advt. J. S. KEICHLINE.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in St. John's Protestant Episcopal church a. 8.30 o'clock on Saturday morning, last, the bride being Miss Eva H. Crissman, one of Bellefonte's most popular young ladies, and the groom Mr. Alexander B. Cromer. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Hewitt and was witnessed by the immediate families, only. Following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Cromer departed on a honeymoon tour to eastern cities. They will reside at Baldwinville, New York, where the groom is employed with Stewart & Co., builders and contractors. Some years ago Mr. Cromer was a student at the Bellefonte Academy. His bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Homer Crissman. She is an accomplished young lady and eminently qualified to grace the new home prepared for her. She has a host of admiring friends here who extend congratulations and best wishes.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, will lead to chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily. 25c a box at all stores.—Advt.

THE INDEX!
BELLEFONTE, PA.

For That Gift

You are going to give there is nothing nicer, nothing daintier than an Art Calendar. It is not thrown aside after Christmas; it's use during the year is a constant pleasure to its recipient. Our line of

CALENDARS FOR 1913

is unusual. We have the Famous Dodge Art Calendars, done in Hand Colored Pictures, from 15 cents to $1. We have the Calendar of Cheer, Calendar of Friendship, and the Business Man's Calendar so much used now, for 25 cents each. There is no daintier gift made for 25 cents

See this line of

GOOD THINGS

before it is depleted. There is an old saying "When you do not know what to give, Give a Book." If you are in this state of mind, remember

The Index

has the only Biggest Book Stock in Centre County.

GOOD CLOTHES

Such as sold by the Sim Store mean double economy to the wearer--You'll doubtless find plenty of other clothes You'll consider good enough for you--But if you are not a wearer of the clothes as sold by this store--You'll not know untll you try the real economy in these clothes-made according to our specifications they are tailored and constructed in a different manner than any other clothes--If you could see the inside making of these clothes it would be as plain to you as daylight why they keep their shape and good looks twice as long as any other clothes--Doubly economical too because you'll find in these clothes the most reasonably priced.

Suits and Overcoats for men--$10 and up--and more of them here to chose from than any other store in Central Penna.

Sim, The Clothier.

Packs Of Practical Presents.

For the "Eternal Masculine". Sensible and serviceable gifts the very sort he would choose himself. Take a little journey through this modern shop for men today. Everything we sell bears the Quality stamp.

A scarf's the thing if you've a limited amount to spend. Pleasing cravats. English knit scarfs. Ninety nine out of every 100 men will say "How did you guess I wanted that?"

Any Scarf Selected is Packed in a Christmas Box Free of Cost.

We advise early Christmas shopping to avoid all rush and to obtain the best assortments.

Montgomery & Co.